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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume I. }

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CONTENTS.

I. PROFESSOR TYNDALL. By Professor Huxley,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	259
II. MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR. Part III. Translated by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, from the French of	<i>Paul Perret</i> ,	266
III. MRS. MONTAGU,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	277
IV. THE POLITICAL WORLD OF FIELDING AND SMOLLETT,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	297
V. RECENT SCIENCE. By P. Kropotkin,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	303
VI. THE WINTER SHORE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	315
VII. PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	317
POETRY.		
THE CROWN OF FAILURE,	258	THE CAPLESS MAID, 258
BALLADE OF THE RECTORY ROSES,	258	
MISCELLANY,		320

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THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

WHEN you have lived your life,
 When you have fought your last good fight
 and won,
 And the day's work is finished, and the sun
 Sets on the darkening world and all its
 strife —
 Ere the worn hands are tired with all
 they've done,
 Ere the mind's strength begins to droop
 and wane,
 Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the
 brain,
 Ere the heart's springs are slow and run-
 ning dry —
 When you have lived your life,
 'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
 If you but fight a fight you may not win —
 See the far goal but may not enter in —
 'Twere better then to die and not to

know

Defeat — to die amidst the rush and din,
 Still striving, while the heart beats high
 and fast

With glorious life ; if you must fail, at last,
 Such end were best, with all your hope and
 all

Your spirit in its youth,
 Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
 Still toiling upward through the mists ob-
 scure,

With all things possible and nothing sure,
 Than to be touched by glory and passed
 by,

To win, by chance, fame that may not en-
 dure,

That dies and leaves you living, while you
 strive

With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
 And fan, with empty boasts and proud re-
 grets,

Remembrance of a past
 The world forgets.

Chambers' Journal. A. St. J. ADCOCK.

BALLADE OF THE RECTORY ROSES.

TO M. E. C.

THE summer, where your Bourbons blow,
 Is come, I dare aver,
 With linnets twittering to and fro
 Through evergreen and fir ;

And in the sun the drowsy stir,
 Where great bees dip their noses,
 In mignonette and lavender,
 Among the Rectory Roses.

There's *Madame Eugène* all aglow,
 And there, unless I err,
 The gallant *Xavier Olibo*
 Bends in the breeze to her ;
La France, a queenly blossomier,
 Her royal heart uncloses
 Beside the crimson *Senateur*,
 Among the Rectory Roses.

Forgetting, while the bright hours go,
 The brown and withered spur,
 Which to October days will show
 Their beauty's sepulchre ;
 When that cold-hearted chorister,
 The autumn wind, composes
 A requiem for the blooms that were
 Among the Rectory Roses.

ENVOY.

Princess, in city buzz and whirl

Your dusty rhymers proses,
 Whose heart is still a wanderer
 Among the Rectory Roses.

Temple Bar. ALFRED COCHRANE.

THE CAPLESS MAID.

["The plaintiff gave evidence that she was engaged
 as a sort of house and parlor maid . . . and
 was discharged after she had been there nine
 days, because she refused to wear a cap . . .
 His Honor : I do not think she was bound to
 wear a cap." — *Daily Paper*.]

WHAT shall we do with our maid ?

How shall we treat her best ?

Shall the gems that are rare be strewed in
 her hair ?

And shall she in silks be drest ?

Shall we make her a gift of gold ?

Shall we make her our queen ? Per-
 haps.

But whatever we make her, wherever we
 take her,

We never must make her wear caps.

Imperious, capless, supreme,

Do just as you please evermore ;

And wear what you will, for we shall be
 And never complain as before.

We may put all our money in mines,

We may put all our cheese into traps,
 But we put, it is clear, our foot in it, dear,
 When we try to put you into caps.

Punch.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

PERSONAL, like national, history has its epochs ; brief seasons, during which life is fuller than usual, and the present is more obviously pregnant with the future than at other times. For me, the year 1851 constitutes such an epoch. In November, 1850, I had returned to England after an absence, which not only extended over a considerable period of time, but covered the critical age of transition from adolescence to full manhood. In the course of these four years, largely spent in little-explored regions of the other side of the globe, I had been in the world as well as round it, and stored up varied experiences of things and men. Moreover, I had done some bits of scientific work which, as I was pleasantly surprised to learn on my return, were better thought of than I had, I will not say expected, but ventured to hope, when I sent them home ; and they provided me with an introduction to the scientific society of London. I found the new world, into which I thus suddenly dropped, extremely interesting, and its inhabitants kindly disposed towards the intruder. The veterans were civil, the younger men cordial ; and it speedily dawned upon my mind that I had found the right place for myself, if I could only contrive to stop in it. As time went on, I acted upon this conviction ; and, fortune greatly aiding effort, the end of it was thirty odd years of pretty hard toil, partly as an investigator and teacher in one branch of natural knowledge, and partly as a half-voluntary, half-compelled man-of-all-work for the scientific household in general.

But the year 1851 has other and even stronger claims to be counted an era in my existence. In the course of the twelve months after my return, I made acquaintances which rapidly ripened into friendships, knit with such strong bonds of mutual affection and mutual respect, that neither the ordinary vicissitudes of life, nor those oppositions in theory and practice which will arise

among men of mental constitutions diverse in everything but strength of will, nor, indeed, any power short of almighty Death, has been able to sunder them from that time to this. And among those friends who, as the years rolled on,

mir so oft

In Noth und Trübsal beigestanden, to whom, indeed, I have found the old shikaree's definition of a friend, as "a man with whom you can go tiger-hunting," strictly applicable, almost the earliest was John Tyndall.

My elder by some five years, Tyndall's very marked and vigorous personality must have long taken its final set when we foregathered in 1851. The dyer's hand is subdued to that it works in ; and, it may be, that much occupation with types of structure, elsewhere, is responsible for a habit of classifying men to which I was, and am, given. But I found my new friend a difficult subject—*incertæ sedis*, as the naturalists say ; in other words, hard to get into any of my pigeon-holes. Before one knew him well, it seemed possible to give an exhaustive definition of him in a string of epigrammatic antitheses, such as those in which the older historians delight to sum up the character of a king or leading statesman. Impulsive vehemence was associated with a singular power of self-control and a deep-seated reserve, not easily penetrated. Free-handed generosity lay side by side with much tenacity of insistence on any right, small or great ; intense self-respect and a somewhat stern independence, with a sympathetic geniality of manner, especially towards children, with whom Tyndall was always a great favorite. Flights of imaginative rhetoric, which amused (and sometimes amazed) more phlegmatic people, proceeded from a singularly clear and hard-headed reasoner, over-scrupulous, if that may be, about keeping within the strictest limits of logical demonstration ; and sincere to the core. A bright and even playful companion, Tyndall had little of that quick appreciation of the humorous side of things in

general, and of one's self in particular, which is as oil to the waves of life, and is a chief component of the worthier kind of tact; indeed, the best reward of the utterer of a small witticism, or play upon words, in his presence, was the blank, if benevolent, perplexity with which he received it. And I suppose that the character-sketch would be incomplete, without an explanation of its peculiarities by a reference to the mixture of two sets of hereditary tendencies, the one eminently Hibernian, the other derived from the stock of the English Bible translator and Reformer.

To those who have been privileged to become intimate with Tyndall, however, sketch and explanation will seem alike inadequate. These superficial characteristics disappeared from view, as the powerful faculties and the high purposes of the mind, on the surface of which they played, revealed themselves. And to those who knew him best, the impression made by even these great qualities might well be less vivid than that left by the warmth of a tenderly affectionate nature.

"If I pull through this it will be all your care, all your doing." These words (I give them from memory), uttered the night before his death, were meant for no ear but that of the tireless nurse, watcher, secretary, servant, in case of need, to whom they were addressed; and whose whole life had been, for many years, devoted to the one object of preserving that of her husband. Utterly hateful to me as are the violations of a privacy that should be sacred, now too common, I have sought and obtained permission to commit this, and take all responsibility for it. For the pitiful circumstances of Tyndall's death are known to all the world; and I think it well that all the world should be enabled to see those circumstances by the light which shines forth, alike on the dead and on the living, from the poor crumpled piece of paper on which these treasured words were, at once, recorded.

But I have wandered far from the year 1851 and its nascent friendships.

At that time, Tyndall and I had long been zealous students of Carlyle's works. "*Sartor Resartus*" and the "*Miscellanies*" were among the few books devoured partly by myself, and partly by the mighty hordes of cockroaches in my cabin, during the cruise of the *Rattlesnake*; and my sense of obligation to their author was then, as it remains, extremely strong. Tyndall's appreciation of the seer of Chelsea was even more enthusiastic; and, in after years, assumed a character of almost filial devotion. The grounds of our appreciation, however, were not exactly the same. My friend, I think, was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher; I was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic; as a source of intellectual invigoration and moral stimulus and refreshment, rather than of theoretical or practical guidance. Half a century ago, the evangelical reaction which, for a time, had braced English society was dying out, and a scum of rotten and hypocritical conventionalism clogged art, literature, science, and politics. I might quarrel with something every few paragraphs, but passing from the current platitudes to Carlyle's vigorous pages was like being transported from the stucco, pavement, and fog of a London street to one of his own breezy moors. The country was full of boulders and bogs, to be sure, and by no means calculated for building leases; but, oh, the freshness and the freedom of it!

Our divergent appreciation of Carlyle foreshadowed the only serious strain to which our friendship was ever exposed. When the old Cavalier and Roundhead spirit woke up all over England about the Jamaica revolt and Governor Eyre, I am afraid that, if things had been pushed to extremities over that unfortunate business, each of us would have been capable of sending the other to the block. But the sentence would have been accompanied by assurances of undiminished respect and affection; and I have faith that we should not have spoiled our lives by quarrelling over the inevitable.

Carlyle's extraordinary peculiarities

of style, even at his worst, were not, to me, the stumbling-blocks which they often proved to other people, who, in their irritation, would talk of them as affectations. Even admitting them to be indefensible, it seems to me that, if he is chargeable with affectation at all (and I do not think he is), it is rather when he writes the classical English, say, of the "Life of Schiller." As any one who ever heard Carlyle talk knows, the style natural to him was that of "The Diamond Necklace."¹ These observations have a bearing on the adverse criticisms of a like kind, to which Tyndall was sometimes subjected. Modes of speech and action which some called mannerisms, or even affectations, were, in fact, entirely natural; and showed themselves in full force, sometimes with a very droll effect, in the smallest gathering of intimate friends, or with one or two on a hill-side, from whom abundant chaff was the only response likely to come. I say, once more, Tyndall was not merely theoretically, but practically, above all things sincere; the necessity of doing, at all hazards, that which he judged, rightly or wrongly, to be just and proper, was the dominant note of his character; and he was influenced by it in his manner of dealing with questions which might seem, to men of the world, hardly worth taking so seriously. Of the controversies in which he became involved, some of the most troublesome were undertaken on behalf of other people who, as he conceived, had been treated with injustice. The same instinct of veracity ran through all Tyndall's scientific work. That which he knew, he knew thoroughly, had turned over on all sides, and probed through and through. Whatever subject he took up, he never rested till he had attained a clear conception of all the conditions and proc-

esses involved, or had satisfied himself that it was not attainable. And in dealing with physical problems, I really think that he, in a manner, saw the atoms and molecules, and felt their pushes and pulls. A profound distrust of all long chains of deductive reasoning (outside mathematics), unless the links could be experimentally or observationally tested at no long intervals, was simply another manifestation of the same fundamental quality. I was not overburdened with love for such dialectic festoon-work myself, but I owe not a little to my friend for helping to abolish as much as remained.

Once again, this quality of active veracity, the striving after knowledge as apart from hearsay, lay at the root of Tyndall's very remarkable powers of exposition, and of his wealth of experimental illustration. Hence, I take it, arose the guarded precision of the substance of a lecture or essay, which was often poetically rich, sometimes even exuberant, in form. In Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Faraday the Royal Institution had possessed two unsurpassed models of the profound, yet popular, expositor of science. Davy was before my time, but I have often had the delight of listening to Faraday. An ineradicable tendency to think of something else makes me an excellent test-object for oratory; and he was one of the few orators whom I have heard to whom I could not choose but listen. It was no mean ordeal, therefore, to which Tyndall was subjected when he was asked to give a "Friday evening" in 1852; but he captured his hearers so completely that his appointment to the Fullerian professoriate of physics, with the use of a laboratory such as he needed for the original work he loved, soon followed. And for more than thirty years he held his own. From first to last, the announcement of a Friday evening by him meant a crammed theatre.

Sheridan's reply to the lady who told him that his writings were such charmingly easy reading—"Easy reading, madam, is damned hard writing"—has never got into the general mind;

¹ In reading the very positive conclusions, based upon differences of style, about the authorship of ancient writings enunciated by some critics, I have sometimes wondered whether, if the two pieces to which I have alluded had come down to us as anonymous ancient manuscripts, the demonstration that they were written by different persons might not have been quite easy.

and very few of the thousands of delighted listeners, I imagine, ever had an inkling of what these facile discourses cost the lecturer. I used to suffer rather badly from "lecture-fever" myself; but I never met with any one to whom an impending discourse was the occasion of so much mental and physical disturbance, as it was to Tyndall. He was quite incapable of persuading himself, or of being persuaded by others, that, after all, a relative failure, now and then, was of no great consequence; indeed, from the point of view of pure art, might be desirable. Whatever he gave, it must be the best he had, whether it were a lecture or a dinner. Now that sort of housekeeping costs. But some think with Shakespeare:—

The painful warrior, famed for fight,

After a thousand victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,

And all the rest forgot for which he
toiled.

And Tyndall was not minded to be forgot; at any rate, for that reason.

In the autumn of 1851, my friend and I went to the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, as scientific "items," not, indeed, wholly unknown to the "pillars" of that scientific congregation; and perhaps already regarded as young men whose disposition to keep their proper places could not, under all circumstances, be relied upon. Being young, with any amount of energy, no particular prospects, and no disposition to set about the ordinary methods of acquiring them, we could conduct ourselves with perfect freedom; and we joined very cordially in the proceedings of the Red Lion Club, of which I had become a member in London, and which had been instituted by that most genial of anti-Philistines, Edward Forbes, as a protest against dons and donnishness in science. With this object, the Red Lions made a point of holding a feast of Spartan simplicity and anarchic constitution, with rites of a Pantagruelistic aspect, intermingled with extremely unconventional orations and queer songs, such as only Forbes could indite, by

way of counterblast to the official banquets of the Association, with their high tables and what we irreverently termed "butter-boat" speeches.

Fuimus! The last time I feasted with the Red Lions I was a don myself; the dinner was such as even daintier dons than I might rejoice in; and I know of only one person who, under a grave, even reverend, exterior, lamented the evolution of Red Lionism into respectability.

It was at the Ipswich meeting, that Tyndall and I fell in with Hooker, just returned from the labors and perils of his Himalayan expedition, and who was to make a third in the little company of those who were, thenceforward, to hold fast to one another through good and evil days. Frankland had long been a friend of Tyndall's, Lubbock soon joined us; and it was we four who stood, pondering over many things, in Haslemere Churchyard the other day.

Tyndall became permanently attached to the Royal Institution in 1853, while I cast anchor in Jermyn Street, not far off, in the following year. Before reaching this settlement, we had both done our best to expatriate ourselves by becoming candidates for the chairs of physics and of natural history in the University of Toronto, which happened to be simultaneously vacant. These, however, were provided with other occupants. The close relations into which we were thrown, on this and many subsequent occasions, had the effect of associating us in the public mind, as if we formed a sort of firm; with results which were sometimes inconvenient and sometimes ludicrous. When my wife and I went to the United States in 1876, for example, a New York paper was good enough to announce my coming, accompanied by my "titled bride"—which was rather hard upon plain folk, married twenty-one years, and blessed with seven children to boot.¹

¹ I have just received the report of a sermon, delivered on the 15th of December, 1893, by a curious curate, who, in his haste to besmirch the dead, abuses "the late Professor Huxley!"

My friend's exploits as a mountaineer are sufficient evidence of his extraordinary physical vigor. I could manage a fair day's work in reasonable up-and-down walking myself, but I lacked his caprine sureness of head and foot; and, when it came to climbing, I was nowhere beside him. By way of compensation, I stood the wear and tear of London life better, though I had not much to boast of, even in that respect. From the first, Tyndall suffered from sleeplessness, with the nervous irritability which is frequently cause and consequence of that distressing malady. It is not uncommon for this state of the nervous system to find a vent in fits of ill-temper; but, looking back over all the long years of our close intercourse, I cannot call to mind any serious manifestations of that sort in my friend. Tyndall "consumed his own smoke" better than most people, and though that faculty is worthy of the highest admiration, I suspect that the exercise of it tells a good deal upon the furnace. When things got bad with him, his one remedy was to rush off to the nearest hills and walk himself into quietude. Pleasant are the recollections, for me and others, of such hard tramps, it might be in the Lake country, or in the Isle of Wight; in the Peak of Derbyshire, or in Snowdonia. On such excursions Tyndall was the life of the party, content with everything and ready for anything, from philosophical discussion and high-flying poetics, to boyish pranks and gymnastic comicalities.

Sometimes we travelled further afield. Thus, in 1856, we made an expedition to Switzerland which had a large influence on Tyndall's future. In 1845, I had my first view of a glacier, at the head of the Lac de Gaube in the Pyrenees; and, when, ten years later, I was led to interest myself seriously in geology, in connection with the study of fossils, I read all I could lay hands on about these curious rivers of ice. At the same time Tyndall was occupied with his important investigations into the effects of pressure in giving rise to lamination, and I naturally heard a

good deal about what he was doing. It struck me that his work might throw some light upon the production of the veined structure of glacier ice; and one day, when he was dining with us, I mentioned the notion that had come into my head. The upshot was that we, then and there, agreed to go and look into the facts of the case for ourselves. *More suo*, he would have nothing to do with speculation till that essential preliminary operation had been effected.

To Switzerland accordingly we went, and I joined him at the Montanvert, where he had taken up his quarters with Dr. Hirst, who was, I think, the closest of all his friends. I have never visited the place since, but I am told that it now possesses a grand hotel. In our time, there was nothing but a rough mountain auberge, opposite to which, on the glacier side of the road, was a hut for guides. Into this Tyndall moved his bed, as he could not bear the noise of the wooden house. Accommodation and fare were of the roughest; our *chef* was a singularly dirty old woman, who met all our suggestions about dinner with a monotonous "*C'est ça*"—as if the stores of a Parisian restaurant were at her disposal—while, practically, our repasts were as uniform as her speech. But as we used to start for the Jardin, or other of the higher regions early, and rarely returned much before sunset, there was no lack of hunger sauce; while the condiment, which gives herbs a better flavor than staled oxen, abounded. Tyndall's skill and audacity as a climber were often displayed in these excursions. On one occasion, I remember, we came upon a perpendicular cliff of ice of considerable height, formed on the flank of the glacier, which seemed to present a good opportunity for the examination of the structure of the interior. A hot sun loosening them, the stones on the surface of the glacier every now and then rattled down the face of the cliff. As no persuasion of ours could prevent Tyndall from ascending the cliff, by cutting steps with his axe, in order to

get a close view of the ice, we had to content ourselves with the post assigned to us, of looking out for stones. Whenever any of these seemed likely to shoot too close, we shouted, and Tyndall flattened himself against the cliff. Happily, no harm ensued; but I confess I was greatly relieved when my friend descended, at his own pleasure, and not at that of a chance fragment of rock.

It was on this trip that we attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc direct from the Montanvert, with a couple of porters, to carry the needful stores as far as the Grands Mulets; and a guide, who, as it turned out, was of the blind sort. I found I was by no means in training; and as, under the circumstances, any failure on my part would have obliged the others to give up the attempt, I determined to remain at the Grands Mulets. My friends and the guide set out before dawn, and should have been back in eight or ten hours, at furthest. The weather was magnificent, and I should be puzzled to recall a morning spent in more entire enjoyment, than that yielded by the wide and varied prospect from my temporary hermitage, in a solitude broken only now and then by a vagabond butterfly or a strayed bee, drifting upwards. But when the early hours of the afternoon glided away, without any sign of my companions, and the sun got low, things began to look serious. Neither the people at the Montanvert, nor those at Chamounix, knew anything about our intentions. In our way from the Montanvert, we had had to cross some troublesome crevasses and I knew nothing about the route down to Chamounix. If any accident had happened to my friends, I could not help them; nor could I reckon upon getting assistance from Chamounix, unless, perhaps, I set fire to the timbers which sheltered me. My anxiety and perplexity may be imagined, and at last, as it grew colder, I went into the hut to ponder over the situation. As I sat over the embers, trying to see my way to some clear conclusion, I suddenly heard the clink of an alpenstock upon

the rock at the foot of the Grands Mulets. The sound has ever since been pleasant to my ear; and rushing out, I saw the three slowly making their way up; Tyndall pretty well exhausted, for the first and last time I ever saw him in that condition; Hirst snow-blind; and the guide thoroughly used up. He had mistaken the route and led the party into all sorts of superfluous difficulties.

As we intended to have descended to Chamounix, without stopping a second night at the Grands Mulets, provisions were not over-abundant and there were no candles. I am proud to say I made myself useful in various ways; among other functions, performing that of a chandelier with a perpetual succession of lighted lucifer matches. We were soon a merry company; and the next day we descended in glory, to the great disgust of the orthodox guides of Chamounix, to whom an ascent of Mont Blanc, up to that time, had meant the organization of a large and profitable expedition.

The love for Alpine scenery and Alpine climbing, which remained with Tyndall to the last, began, or at any rate became intensified into a passion, with this journey; and, at the same time, he laid the foundations of his well known and highly important work upon glaciers and glacier movement. His first paper on this subject was presented to the Royal Society in 1857, and bears my name as well as his own, in spite of all my protests to the contrary. For beyond two or three little observations, and perhaps some criticism, I contributed nothing towards it, and all that is important is Tyndall's own. But he was singularly scrupulous—even punctilious—on points of scientific honor. It would have been intolerable to him to have it supposed that he had used even suggestions of others, without acknowledgment; so I, being thicker skinned, put up with the possibility of being considered a daw in borrowed plumes. The memoir became the starting-point of a long and hot controversy. While it was at its height, some supporters of the other

side endeavored to throw the weight of the award of one of the Royal Society's medals into the scale against Tyndall. It seemed to some of his friends, myself among the number, that this was unfair; and a lively battle, eventually decided in our favor, took place in the Council of the Society. I refer to these old troubles, merely for the purpose of finally removing the impression, if any such remains, that Tyndall had anything, directly or indirectly, to do with what took place. On the contrary, the two persons who were chiefly responsible, thought it desirable that he should be absolutely ignorant of what was going on; and I can answer for it that he remained so until long after, when, rummaging among my papers, I found some documents which I labelled "ashes of an old fire," and sent to him.

Tyndall was a highly esteemed and popular member of the Royal Society and always loyal towards it; but the sensitiveness to which I have alluded led him, very early in his career, to do what, so far as I know, nobody had done before, nor has done since. In 1853, the society awarded one of the two royal medals to him, the other recipient being Charles Darwin. Unluckily, one of the members of the Council, a person of high scientific position, who had wished to dispose of the medal otherwise, took his defeat badly; and, being a voluble talker, exhaled his griefs with copious impropriety to all and sundry. As soon as the report of this reached Tyndall's ears, he wrote a polite note to the senior secretary declining the honor. Frankly, I think my friend made a mistake. The Council was in no way responsible for the ill-judged and, indeed, indecent proceedings of one of its members; and perhaps it is better to leave an enemy alone than to strike at him with the risk of hurting one's friends. But, having thus sacrificed at the altar of strict justice, I must add that, for a young man starting in the world, to whom such recognition was of great importance, I think it was a good sort of mistake, not likely to do harm by creating too many imitators.

As time went on, as the work became harder, and the distractions of life more engrossing, a few of us, who had long been intimate, found we were drifting apart; and, to counteract that tendency, we agreed to dine together once a month. I think, originally, there was some vague notion of associating representatives of each branch of science, at any rate, the nine who eventually came together—Mr. Busk, Dr. Frankland, Dr. Hirst, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Spottiswoode, Tyndall, and myself—could have managed, among us, to contribute most of the articles to a scientific Encyclopædia. At starting, our minds were terribly exercised over the name and constitution of our society. As opinions on this grave matter were no less numerous than the members—indeed more so—we finally accepted the happy suggestion of our mathematicians to call it the *x* Club; and the proposal of some genius among us, that we should have no rules, save the unwritten law not to have any, was carried by acclamation. Later on, there were attempts to add other members, which at last became wearisome, and had to be arrested by the agreement that no proposition of that kind should be entertained, unless the name of the new member suggested contained all the consonants absent from the names of the old ones. In the lack of Slavonic friends this decision put an end to the possibility of increase. Once in the year there was an outing, to which our respective wives were invited.

If I remember rightly, the meetings of the *x* Club began early in the sixties. They were steadily continued for some twenty years, before our ranks began to thin; and, one by one, *geistige Naturen*, such as those for which the poet¹ so willingly paid the ferryman,

¹ Nimm dann Fährmann,
Nimm die Miethe
Die ich gerne dreifach biete:
Zwei, die eben überführen,
Waren geistige Naturen.

I quote from memory; but it is long since I read these verses, and more likely than not the citation errs.

silent but not unregarded, took the vacated places. Tyndall was a constant attendant and a great promoter of vivacious conversation, until his health failed. Two years ago, a deep gloom was cast over one of our meetings by the receipt of a telegram to the effect that he had but few hours to live, and his partial recovery, at that time, was a marvel to all who knew his condition. I believe that the x had the credit of being a sort of scientific caucus, or ring, with some people. In fact, two distinguished scientific colleagues of mine once carried on a conversation (which I gravely ignored) across me, in the smoking-room of the Athenæum, to this effect: "I say, A, do you know anything about the x Club?" "Oh yes, B, I have heard of it. What do they do?" "Well, they govern scientific affairs; and really, on the whole, they don't do it badly." If my good friends could only have been present at a few of our meetings, they would have formed a much less exalted idea of us, and would, I fear, have been much shocked at the sadly frivolous tone of our ordinary conversation. Assuredly Tyndall did not usually help us to be serious.

But I must bring these brief and too hurried reminiscences to a close. I believe that ample materials exist, and will be used, for a fitting biography; indeed the putting these materials into autobiographical form was the final piece of work to which Tyndall, with his wife's aid, proposed to devote himself. With the exception of the investigations upon aerial germs, which, though, strictly speaking, they might be continuations and amplifications of Pasteur's labors, yet had a very great effect in putting an end to the tough-lived speculations of the advocates of the so-called "spontaneous generation" hypothesis, Tyndall's later scientific labors do not lie within the competence of my judgment. On that point, I leave it to contemporary experts to speak, and to time to give the final verdict, which is not always such as contemporaries imagine.

Neither do I offer any remark about Tyndall's philosophical, religious, and political views; in respect of which my opinions might possibly be impartial; but nobody would believe that they were so.

All that I have proposed to myself, in writing these few pages, is to illustrate and emphasize the fact that, in Tyndall, we have all lost a man of rare and strong individuality; one who, by sheer force of character and intellect, without advantages of education or extraneous aid—perhaps, in spite of some peculiarities of that character—made his way to a position, in some ways unique; to a place in the front rank not only of scientific workers, but of writers and speakers. And, on my own account, I have desired to utter a few parting words of affection for the man of pure and high aims, whom I am the better for having known; for the friend, whose sympathy and support were sure, in all the trials and troubles of forty years' wandering through this wilderness of a world.

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

VI.

M. ANDREY went out early the next morning, ostensibly because it was a fine day, with a pleasant breeze blowing. Yet his step was not that of a man sauntering forth for his "constitutional." He walked rapidly as far as the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain. He had very much the air of a man running away from his own home.

By degrees he walked less rapidly, and at last he paused, leaning on his big stick which had once had a gold head, but the gold was now exchanged for one of ivory. Although he paused he frequently looked back along the street he had just traversed, as if he were afraid of something behind him.

It could not be that he feared molestation or arrest on account of his appearance, for his dress was scrupulously that of a good republican. He was clad in his eternal plum-colored suit, with his cockade in his hat, and his certificate of civism in his hat-band.

Slowly resuming his walk, he went toward the butcher's shop in that street, and again paused, scrutinizing the long *queue* of women who were waiting for the daily distribution of supplies. They pushed and scolded at each other peevishly, but most of them were too tired to give way to red-hot anger. Nevertheless, out of the tumult of half-smothered voices, rose suddenly loud cries. The living mass had for some reason been worked up to excitement. It grew furious. M. Andrey, who was near the head of the crowd, recognized the blowsy face of his Picard serving-maid. She was standing stoutly on her country legs, in the very middle of the commotion.

He gave a sigh of relief, and went on. The shopkeepers on the street, who had grown used to seeing his ruddy, smiling face as he passed them every morning on his way down the street, looked at him with some astonishment. What could have happened to him? He was taking his usual walk, but somehow to-day he did not look as usual.

In the first place, he was earlier than his wont. He looked like an elderly man bent somewhat by age, not like the man who always carried himself erect and stepped out lightly. Some unexpected misfortune, they all thought, must have fallen, since the day before, on his snow-white head, some heavy burthen on his shoulders. Every one thought this, as they saw him pass. The march of events made misfortune so natural! "What blow," they thought, "could have descended upon him?"

They concluded that probably it was the same that fell on so many good people in those days. He had been denounced, or he had good reason to know he would be so. The weight which had bowed him in a night was

the same that depressed everybody. It was *fear*.

Fear furrowed the face of every human being; fear took away men's conscience and their courage; fear drove all feelings, except one, out of all hearts, — that one was the animal instinct of self-preservation. It had reduced many a man's hopes and wishes to one stern resolve, to save his own life, even if it were at the expense of the lives of others.

In truth, they had rightly guessed the Citizen Andrey's motive in his early exit from his dwelling. Fear was impelling him. He obeyed it instinctively, but he did not conceal from himself that he was about to commit an action that was cowardly and villainous in the extreme. He who had always prided himself on his bold, determined character, now felt a disgust for himself that many men could not have felt under the same circumstances. He was the victim of two fears. One urged him to commit an abominable action, whose baseness he would not attempt to ignore; the other made him dread what would occur when he should have committed it.

Manette in her own chamber in the Rue de Bussy had heard her uncle go out for his early walk. She herself was dressed to go out. She wore a woollen gown of some very dark grey material, a kerchief of plain white muslin, not trimmed with lace, and a little round black beaver hat, cocked slightly in front, with no trimming but a bit of tri-colored ribbon. On a chair lay her pelisse, the same grey color as her gown. It had two large plaited capes, edged with a black braid. Manette was all ready to go out. Had she not told her uncle the night before that she would leave a house in which no one cared enough for her to stand up and defend her honor?

She was intently listening. There was no sound in the house. The maid was out, and Citizen Andrey must have known it. That was why he himself had gone out early. He wished to leave the coast all clear for his dangerous niece's departure.

She was not being driven from her home ; she was better treated in that respect than Claude had been. She was simply left at liberty to cast off the protection of those who had cared for her from infancy, and to go forth alone, defenceless, into the world. It was hoped she would take advantage of the chance, and that nothing would induce her at the last moment to cling to the protection of her home.

No doubt it was thought a pity that they could not all agree to live together, but since she would not bow to the necessity imposed on her by the dangerous nature of the times in which they lived, and since her lack of patience and of prudence was certain in the end to bring destruction on every member of her household, what could they do about it ?

This Manette felt sure was passing through the mind of Citizen Andrey. He seemed to stand before her, and she could read his thoughts. Ah ! how she despised him ! He had said to her the night before, after a last angry talk upon the subject, " You shall not quit this house ! "

And yet in the morning he had left the way open for her departure. The early hour he had chosen for his walk meant that she should leave the house while he was absent. At that time of day he felt sure that Buscaille would not be on the spot to interfere with her movements. The *sans-culotte*, no doubt, would take advantage of the permission given him to make a second visit in the afternoon. And what would happen then ?

Citizen Andrey would hardly dare plainly to tell him that an honest girl, who felt herself outraged by his not having been told peremptorily by her friends to leave the house into which he had intruded, had, insulted by his presence, and lowered in her own eyes by the insolence of his pretensions, taken flight rather than remain to be persecuted by his attentions.

Ah ! but she ought to have told him this herself the day before. She *ought* — but she had not had the courage. She would then have sealed her own

fate, and that of those who were now plotting to betray her. But Claude ? Had she destroyed herself, she must forever have given up Claude.

Citizen Andrey, thinking only how to save himself was anxious to get rid of her. He was hastening to see Buscaille, hoping, as far as possible, to ward off from himself his dangerous displeasure. She thought she knew what he would say to Buscaille. She felt certain he would tell him that it was not his fault that an undutiful, ungrateful girl had left his house, that she had cast off his protection, that she had found life insupportably dull since her aunt's illness ; that her excitable temperament could not accommodate itself to the monotonous life that they were forced to lead ; that, in short, she was of age, and mistress of her actions ; that it seemed her choice was independence, and that he washes his hands of her.

Those had been Pilate's words she thought ; and her uncle now to her seemed worse than Pilate. He ! — an old man with a kind face, but a heart capable of dark intrigue ; a man who had no feelings of humanity.

She thought of his traffic in human flesh. Didn't she know all about that ? She knew him, and his history through and through. She knew the hidden secrets of his life, for he had secrets, although he had always tried to pass for a commonplace, highly respectable man. Citizen Andrey had sold black men ; he was now willing to sell his niece, his brother's daughter, his own flesh and blood !

Buscaille of course would ask whither the fair citoyenne had fled ? Of course he would not get a very decided answer. A man like Citizen Andrey does not do evil deeds when they can be of no use to himself. To whom could Manette have gone in her extremity but to him she was to marry, the young man whom she loved ? There would be no need to tell that to Buscaille. He would guess it immediately.

And this thought in a moment calmed the poor girl's anger. It seemed to freeze her very soul. Bus-

caille would know where to look for her! He would know with whom she had taken refuge. She would deliver up her Claude to death at the moment she should throw herself into his arms!

Already, as she knew, he was under suspicion. If Claude were denounced by Buscaille or by Cilly (those tigers she well knew would help each other) he could not possibly succeed in hiding himself if she were with him. If he were arrested it would be in fact her doing!

She grew pale. She walked to and fro in her chamber. What should she do? Should she wait where she was? Should she act a part? Should she yield to the dreadful exigencies of the frightful times in which they lived as her uncle had advised her, and endure the attentions and assiduities of that horrible *sans-culotte*? Pah! The very thought of him had sickened her.

No! she would do as she had at first intended. Claude would be no less brave as a man than she was as a woman. She would fling herself into his arms, and say to him: "Will you take me, Claude? Do you want me, even should I cost you your liberty or your life? Will you accept happiness even though it may last only one day?"

But suppose this step on her part should be his ruin? Then whatever might come to pass she would share it with him. It would be happiness she thought to die together, both so young, almost immediately after the moments when their hearts would have throbbed in unison; to die without awakening from their dream of love and bliss. She began to comprehend stories she had heard of passionate attachments formed in prisons, of lips that had pressed burning kisses upon lips that would be cold in death ere the next day; of rapturous embraces exchanged upon the scaffold.

A woman who died thus, rather than endure a longer life having lost the man she loved, could not, she thought, love more than she loved Claude. From babyhood the thing that she most prized had been his kisses. She had

long loved him, at first because she felt him to be strong, while she was weak; now possibly their parts were changed in this respect, but for six months she had loved him more than ever, because he had suffered, and borne wrong with resignation. She loved him because he was the victim of the unworthy conduct of his own people, because he was handsome, and because she was young, with a tender, ardent and affectionate nature.

All her courage came back to her. She put on her pelisse and picked up from her bed her little bundle, containing a few underclothes. From the drawer of her bureau she took a roll of assignats, and a small work-case, containing fifty louis in gold, which had been placed there a month before by her uncle, M. Andrey.

Fifty louis!—they were precious in those days, when gold had become scarce. Citizen Andrey had been a wise and careful guardian of his niece's fortune,—alas! would that he had been as good a guardian to her in other ways.

Then, her courage all alert, and her eyes sparkling, she went out of the house which for years had been her home. Claude would be so surprised, she knew, to see her,—she doubted not that he would be so happy! What would it matter if this happiness were brief, if it were something almost divine?

As she reached the outer door of the apartment, a piteous cry for help broke the silence of the dwelling, it came from the bed on which the servant girl had left her helpless mistress in her haste to obey her master's orders that she should go out early to obtain the day's supplies. Citoyenne Andrey was calling for her maid or for her niece. The sound was a prolonged whine, like that of some poor dog in a deserted house.

Manette was not moved to pity as she heard it.

She went down the stairs rapidly, and when she reached the street she was careful not to go down the Rue de Bussy as far as the spot where it con-

nected with the old Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain. If she turned the other way she would sooner lose sight of the house that she detested, and which she hoped fervently she was leaving forever. In a few minutes she had turned into the Rue de Seine which she followed until she reached the river.

Then she intended to go along the Quay to the Pont Neuf, where she hoped to find a cabriolet which would take her as far as the Rue Saint Honoré. She knew that at this time of day Claude would not be at his lodgings in the Rue de l'Echiquier, and that she must find him in the Rue de Grenelle-Honoré at Citizen Grégoire's.

In the part of the Rue de Seine which she had reached there were neither butchers' shops nor bakeries, which, in streets where they were situated, led to daily tumults. On the left side the shops were nearly all closed; on the right there was a long row of what had been formerly handsome detached houses, over whose wide portecochères now hung placards, bearing the words NATIONAL PROPERTY. On the front of one of these houses (once the abode of the fortunate of this earth) was an inscription in black letters: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, or DEATH. Manette remembered that the week before, when she and her uncle had passed that house, he had shown her this inscription, saying: "You see! There's no other choice."

He had since chosen — fraternity with Buscaille; and that was why she was a trembling fugitive, ashamed that at the right moment she had not shown more courage. These mute houses, this deserted pavement, for the few pedestrians who now appeared in the streets glided close to the walls like shadows, filled her with fresh fear. Not the terror that she felt for *sans-culottes* and popular demonstrations — but she felt danger in the fact that she was there alone. As she walked swiftly, her head bent, and her eyes upon the ground, she ran up against a man, so unexpectedly that she could not refrain from a slight cry.

The man fortunately proved polite, — politeness was a rare thing in those days. He smiled, and begged her pardon. He was a tall fellow, about twenty-eight or thirty, in a blue coat, yellowish pantaloons tucked into high, well blacked boots, and a red waistcoat. He lifted his round, black beaver hat, slightly cocked in front, whereon was fastened a handsome silk cockade.

Manette responded by a slight bow, and passed on. But when she reached the corner of the street and was opposite to the Collège des Quatre-Nations, she thought she heard the steps of the polite pedestrian coming up behind her. He must be following her.

If so, he did not do it offensively, though she felt quite sure he did it by design. Perhaps he would have been bolder could he have known what was passing through Manette's mind. In those days, when there was danger everywhere and in everything, a young, handsome, and respectable woman never ventured into the street unless she had some male member of her family to protect her. Manette knew this, and smiled as she thought for what the man must take her. She had not seen him clearly enough to recognize his face, but she felt sure he could not be a *sans-culotte*. His bold determination to bear her company was rather reassuring than alarming. She felt herself no longer in the street alone. Should he presume to address her, she could easily, she thought, make him sensible to whom he was speaking, and if she met with any other danger he might be her protection. Still it seemed just as well to put an immediate check to his misconception. So she walked along the Quay in front of the pompous façade of the once aristocratic college. Mademoiselle Andrey de la Frégeollière drew up her tall figure to its full height, and did her best to summon all her dignity.

He could see now what she was, — but he saw also how graceful was her walk, how beautiful her figure. Of course she displayed these advantages, of which she was fully conscious, from a good motive, but an instinct, inher-

ited possibly from Mother Eve, may have had something to do with it.

All at once loud cries rose on the air, followed by a rush of feet. A crowd was running up behind them. The roar was the same that Manette had heard the day before in the Rue de Bussy, when the mob, about to sack the grocers' shops, passed under her window. She knew what it meant. A popular tumult was sweeping through the Rue de Seine, which five minutes before had been so quiet and deserted. The crowd was already running under the wall of the Collège des Quatre-Nations, where Manette had just encountered the man in a blue coat.

Alarmed at the prospect of finding herself the next moment borne along by the hideous throng, the girl began to run, and the east wing of the edifice forming a deep angle as it abutted on the Quay, she rushed into it for shelter.

The human whirlwind swept past. Manette saw a man who was running a few yards in advance of the pack of wild beasts who were pursuing him. He was an old man with white hair. His black clothes were fluttering in tatters, for he had been seized already, and had escaped out of their hands. It was women who followed most closely at his heels. They were foremost among his pursuers. The whole pack yelled and howled.

"*A la lanterne !*" they cried. "He is a priest ! Down with all priests ! *A la lanterne !*"

A crowd of men followed the women, as eager as they were to be in at the death of a hunted human being. One of the foremost furies turning round, suddenly snatched a pike that a man near her was waving in his hand ; and the possession of this weapon seemed to give her fresh strength. At one bound she was in advance of all the crowd, and the length of the pike did the rest. The victim fell.

Manette had shut her eyes. She did not see the murderers spring upon their bleeding quarry. Her trembling hands let fall her little bundle ; her

limbs sank under her ; she grew faint. She would have fallen, but that a man's arm supported her. A man's voice whispered : "Never fear them ! I am here to help you. Let me take charge of you. I will place you in safety."

Manette half opened her eyes. The arm which hindered her from falling was that of the young man in a blue coat. He also had had the goodness to pick up her bundle.

"I swear that I will take you home to my wife," he said. "We live near here. You can see the house. Come, or you may witness something still more horrible. I give you my word. I swear it ; do you understand me ? Poor thing ! I am an honest man. Do I look like a *sans culotte* ?"

This thought that he did not look like a *sans-culotte* had already passed through Manette's mind. Her strength was failing her. Those dreadful women were tearing to pieces the body of the priest with howls like wild animals. What would she see next ? The white-haired head of their victim on a pike ?

"Oh, God !" she murmured.

The young man drew her away, telling her that they had but a few steps to go. And in truth he stopped before the door of the third house they came to. They were hardly thirty yards from the savages who were rending their victim on the edge of the Quay.

"Bear up a little longer, my child. Lean against the wall and shut your eyes. Take your bundle, while I put my key in the lock. Those wretches fortunately are taking no notice of us ; they have something else to do."

The door opened. Manette entering followed the good advice of her preserver, and leaned back against the wall. He wiped his forehead.

"Ouf !" he said, "that was a narrow escape ; but we are safe. I may own to you now that I was almost as much frightened as you were."

On the Quay the yells redoubled. The mob was taking up its line of march, singing the eternal Carmagnole, the usual accompaniment of deeds of bloodshed.

Manette fancied she could see their ghastly bleeding trophy borne on a pike before them.

"The head !" she cried, "the head ! Are they not carrying the head ?"

The young man gave a little careless laugh.

"Most probably," he said. "But come ; I presume you do not wish to go out and see the spectacle. You have no such unwholesome curiosity. Come !—you must need rest after such painful emotion."

Again he tried to urge her to go before him. She was incapable of resistance, and obeyed him. He dropped her bundle.

"Curse that thing," he grumbled, "women can never travel without luggage. They would take it if they could into another world—to which, by the way, that poor devil, whether he would or not, has just gone. *Peste !* they were very near sending us after him. Well now—do you feel stronger ? Take hold of the banister. There ! I am close behind you. You have only to go up one flight."

The banister was of iron ; the stairs were wide, steep, and spiral. A small barred window, opening on a little inner courtyard, gave a faint light to the landing, and showed a door painted grey, with a handsome round transom above it. Manette stopped short, like an automaton whose spring has suddenly run down. Her mysterious conductor had touched her arm.

"It is here," he said, drawing another key from his pocket.

VII.

THE door opened, and he entered. Manette did not follow him. She stood leaning against the door-post, a new terror in her mind.

"Monsieur," she said, "is it quite true that you are taking me to your wife ?"

"Eh !" said he quickly, in an offended tone, "did I not give you my word ? You are not very grateful, I should say."

"But this place that you are proposing I should enter seems empty ?"

"No indeed, you will see in a moment that it is extremely well inhabited. We have no servants it is true,—the poor old woman who was faithful to us is dead, and we have not cared to replace her, for fear of introducing an enemy into our household. Now all is explained to you. Are you satisfied ?"

Manette moved forward without reply. She found herself in another room, large, but dark like the antechamber. The master of the house carefully locked the door, as he had done the first door they entered, which opened on the Quay. Then he quickly threw open another, and Manette saw in a moment that she had not been deceived.

At the end of a room, elaborately furnished, a woman sat before a bright fire, as close as she could get to the hearth. She had nothing on her head, and her hair was dressed in that elegant fashion that the horrible new taste for rusticity had not yet proscribed. Two rows of large curls hung down beside her fair, fresh cheeks, for she was young. The rest of her dress looked as if she had made ready to go out. A large, green pelisse, wadded, with two capes edged with tri-color, entirely covered the rest of her dress, only letting one little fold appear of a skirt, striped pink and blue, and a little bit of pink ribbon, the end of a sash that she wore around her waist. She was small in stature, plump, and round. When she heard the door open she moved in her chair, but did not turn round.

"Is that you, Laurent ? I am so cold," she said ; "the fire does not warm me. You have left me so long all alone. Where do you come from ? I heard cries in the street—out there—on the Quay. Was it another outbreak ? But you found some means of getting through the crowd, for here you are, while the noise is still going on. You are so reckless."

"My dear Emilie —"

"Don't tell me you are not reckless. Some of these days you will walk straight into a hornets' nest ; you will

be arrested. And then I shall have to go and implore the Revolutionary Committee. I shall have to tell them : 'He belongs to me. He is my husband. Give him back to me, or let me go to prison with him, you wicked rascals !' "

"If you spoke to them like that, you may be very sure they would take you at your word and put you in prison. But, my dear Emilie, where are your sharp ears ? Didn't you hear that some one came in with me ? "

"Some one with you !" she cried, turning round so suddenly that the chair on which she was sitting rolled some distance on the polished floor. Then she gave a cry of astonishment. "A woman !" she exclaimed. "But what a state she is in. Oh, Laurent, she is going to faint ! "

And indeed Manette, after having seen a man murdered before her eyes, and having felt her own young life in peril, had, on finding herself in safety, ceased to bear up against her sense of weakness and emotion. She lost all strength, when she had no more need of it for self-defence. Laurent and Emilie caught her as she fell, and laid her on a sofa.

"Perhaps," said Laurent, "you had better let her smell your salts, my darling."

"Go, then, and get the smelling-bottle in our chamber, and don't call me your darling. No, stay. She is coming to of her own accord. You had better tell me who and what she is ; *at once*, if you please."

"Poor thing ! Fancy ! those wild beasts rushed past this house in pursuit of a poor fellow — you heard their yells and shouts. Well, she would have been swept off with them if she had not had the lucky thought of rushing into the place just near here, where there is a corner formed by the large building opposite. I found her there. She saw the priest torn to pieces. He was a priest. She was more dead than alive."

"I can see that. You were good to her. You brought her here to me, poor, frightened creature ! But where

does she come from ? Who is she ? We ought to know."

"Look at her. She is well dressed, she is evidently a lady. Her face seems honest."

"Ah !" her face pleases you ? She is fair like me, and you like fair women. Now you may go away, Laurent, from this sofa ; you are not a doctor. It is true you have had large experience in the care of women. It is the only thing you ever took pains to learn. Now go and seat yourself, just where I was sitting by the fire, and turn your back to us. I'll put your dove once more upon her feet, and then I will suggest that she had better go away."

Manette's eyes were closed. She was too weak as yet to move, but she had not lost her senses, and all Emilie said, half in jest and half in earnest, was quite audible to her. Lying there on a soft couch, in a warm room, she felt rather amused by it as she slowly regained her senses.

Emilie, she had reason to think, was quite right in not placing too much confidence in her young husband, for while she herself was deeply grateful to him for what he had done for her, she did not forget that before the horde of women and *sans-culottes* had overtaken them, he had been following her.

Manette would have been more or less than woman if she had not done her best to take a furtive look at Emilie. She raised her eyelids a little way under the protection of her eyelashes. She knew already that Emilie was fair. Not only did her pretty blonde hair hang in curls about her face, but some little ringlets clustered on her smooth, white forehead. Her eyes were blue, her mouth was small and charming. Emilie was apparently the same age as herself — somewhere about twenty.

She had belonged, evidently, to the upper ranks of society in days when there was any class in France but that which wore the *carmagnole*. She was still surrounded by ease and luxury. The sofa on which husband and wife had placed their guest was covered

with white silk, embroidered with pink and green flowers. The chairs were all covered like the sofa, and were of a date before the generation that preceded the Revolution. On the wall hung, draped with amethyst silk two magnificent Venetian mirrors, and several pictures, probably family portraits. One was that of an old man in a scarlet robe; two were of women in full dress. The face of the one nearest to Manette wore such an expression of charming sauciness, that her anxiety to look at it made her forget herself. Her eyes opened more than she intended, and her raised eyelashes betrayed that she was herself again.

Emilie, too, was a woman, and discovering the deception, she gave a little cry.

"She can see now!"

"Yes," said Manette, trying to rise, "and I can hear, too. You wish to know who I am, and I should like to tell you. But first let me say that this gentleman, whom I cannot name, because I never heard what he is called, saved my life, and for that, madame, I return thanks to you."

She stretched out her hand. Emilie put hers into it, and began to laugh. Manette's speech had a little spice of irony in it, which charmed her.

"That is well," she said, "but I had rather you would kiss me, mademoiselle—for I am sure you are mademoiselle. Monsieur de Laverdac will watch such an expression of your thanks to him with envy. Kiss me. I fancy we are suffering from the same causes. You probably are escaping from your home. Who knows whether Laurent and I may not soon have to escape from ours?"

"Ah! but you would go together. You love each other," cried Manette. "I am on my way to seek refuge with the man I love. We may indeed embrace each other, madame, for the same feeling is uppermost in our hearts, and our fates seem likely to resemble each other."

They kissed again, Emilie's fair curls mingled with the brown ones of Manette. It was a pretty sight. Lau-

rent de Laverdac moved uneasily in his embroidered chair.

"But," said he, "mademoiselle, I, in my turn, know no name by which to call you."

"Mademoiselle Andrey de la Frégeollière," replied Manette, in her pretty, clear, soft voice.

Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière, permit me to say it was not prudent to venture all alone into the streets while Paris is still agitated by yesterday's commotion."

She looked at him shyly. "You are right," she said. "I might have encountered more than one danger. I only thought of the *sans-culottes*."

"Unhappily that was the very danger you fell into. Hush, Laurent, you are not to speak. We are two women talking to each other. Perhaps Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière would rather you would go away."

"No, indeed," replied Manette quickly; she was becoming amused by what was going on.

She could see that the husband, who was his wife's lover at home, could play the gallant when she was not by to watch him. She perceived, too, that he had understood the lesson she had intended to give him. Laurent de Laverdac would now be prudent, she was sure.

Emilie sat on the edge of the sofa, holding Manette's hand and looking into her eyes. "Tell me your love story," she said. "The only pleasant thing that is left us in these days is to love each other. Without love life, as it is now, would hardly be worth living."

Manette began her narrative. She omitted nothing. There were some cruel things in it to be told. Emilie showed how much she sympathized by little exclamations of disgust and horror. Was it possible that Citoyenne Andrey had really turned her own son out of his home? She must be his step-mother! She could never be his real mother! And that Citizen Andrey!—the cunning, cruel old man! Ah, how well the old hypocrite had managed to appear to wash his hands

of his own evil action. He would get punished before long. Emilie was sure of it. But that horrid Buscaille, — what a picture Manette had drawn of him! Of course there were some *sans-culottes* more horrible than others. And poor Manette had been expected to suffer the attentions of such a creature as he? It made little Emilie's flesh creep with horror!

"Now tell me about that friend of yours," she said; "that friend whom you have loved from childhood; the friend you are going in search of, — your handsome *fiancé*!"

Manette smiled. "Finish your question. Is it his portrait that you want?" she said. "Well — yes; Claude Cézaron is a handsome man, but his heart is better still."

"I am glad of that. And his figure? Is he tall?"

"He is much the same height as M. de Laverdac."

Emilie looked round at her husband. If Claude Cézaron were like Laurent, Manette would indeed find something to make her forget the persecutions of Buscaille.

"And so," she said, "Monsieur Claude is not expecting you? You left that wicked house all of a sudden. You are going to take him by surprise. He will not be prepared. How charming! 'Friend Claude,' you will say, 'here I am;' and then you will rush into each other's arms."

Laurent de Laverdac laughed; but he said to himself as he sat by the hearth: "Poor fellow! Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière had better tell me to go and pave the way. I should warn him to look out for danger."

"What's that you say, Laurent?" said Emilie; "you had better keep silence. Ah! dear Mademoiselle Manette — my sweet friend — for we shall be friends, shall we not? — you will find out before long that love is not all happiness. Never, believe me, *never* do men give us back all that we give them. The best of them make us unhappy. What are you twisting about in your chair for, Laurent? Of course I am alluding to you, as well as the

rest. Dear Manette, the color has come back to your cheeks. You are quite yourself again."

"Yes," said Manette; "and now I must go."

"Don't think of it. You are not strong enough."

"Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière seems in a hurry to reach her friend," suggested Laurent, well pleased to have an opportunity to retaliate by causing Manette some embarrassment.

"And suppose she is?" broke in Emilie. "If you need courage, dear, think of the kiss of welcome you will receive, and that will strengthen you."

"Oh!" said Laverdac, "you multiply nature's resources."

"You have suggested none!" cried Emilie. "Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière most likely has eaten nothing all day. There! she makes me a sign that that is the case. *Mon Dieu!* what must she think of our hospitality! But we have no servants. Happily, M. de Laverdac possesses one accomplishment. My good Laurent, I was too sharp with you just now, but I did not mean it. Dear Laurent, you know what is in my heart."

"Oh, yes," he said; "I know what all that means. It is the same as if you said: 'Dear Laurent, show Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière what beautiful coffee you can make.'"

Emilie assisted Manette to rise from the sofa, and took her into her bedroom. Laurent gazed after the two lovely young creatures, each of whom in happier times would have been born to probably a long life, to beauty, and to happiness. When the door closed on them he remained thoughtful. From what he had heard from Manette, he gathered that Claude Cézaron was a man already under suspicion. What fate would probably succeed their few brief moments of happiness? As for himself, up to the present time he had been able to preserve his own life and happiness, and the life and happiness of Emilie, less by prudence than good fortune; for he had loved his little Emilie dearly — his little pink-and-white wife — even though he could

not resist an old habit of playing the gallant whenever he saw a pretty woman. Laurent de Laverdac was not the only Parisian who tried in those days to know as little as possible of what was taking place around him. There were still some amusements : a man could run after pretty women, and go to the theatre.

He never read the papers, and did not know what went on in the Convention. But he learned something of the news as it was cried in the streets, so that he picked up a sort of general knowledge of what the papers might contain. The evening before it chanced that he had listened to cries of the *Feuille du Matin*, the most moderate of all the daily papers, indeed almost Royalist. This was how he learned that the *procureur* of the commune, Chaumette, had demanded the arrest of all the men of wealth, and Laurent de Laverdac had returned home feeling on his neck the touch of the cold steel.

Laverdac was hardly a real *çi-devant*. His father had been a notary public at Rouen, and had added *de* to his name like many others who had no right to it by birth, when, having amassed the great fortune which he had always longed for, he came to Paris to enjoy its pleasures.

Laurent was twenty-five when the Revolution broke out. His father had been negotiating for him an office connected with the Parliament. Very soon there was no Parliament, no office, and no anything. The father left his son an income of ten thousand crowns, but he was not a noble. He had long been a faithful servant of the king, and he was very rich.

What put Laverdac in peril even more than the possession of wealth, was that he had married the daughter of an *émigré*, Emilie de Lanthemont. One day he found her in extreme distress and penury ; so touching in her destitution, with her little sparkles of natural gaiety, that she seemed to him like a bird that never asks itself if fruit will fail when winter comes. She was under the care of the old servant who had since died, and who was her sole

refuge. M. de Lanthemont, as soon as the evil days began, had sought safety in Germany. Other men had done the same, seeking to save themselves, and caring little for those they left behind them. In those days men who were faithful to their cause, were often forgetful of their own flesh and blood.

Love was born of pity in the breast of Laurent de Laverdac, but pity for one belonging to an *émigré* was, in those days, a crime. Then the Citoyenne Laverdac was a *çi-devant*, and everything in the Convention for some time past had presaged the dreadful law against such people. Some day — the very next day possibly — all daughters, sisters, wives of *émigrés* would be proscribed.

Laurent, leaning back in the arm-chair in which his wife had placed him while he listened to the story of Manette, gave a sudden start and sprang to his feet. Thought was too painful ; he wanted to put away unpleasant things, nor was he unwilling to show a specimen of his skill to Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière, whom he had almost at the same moment insulted and saved. He went towards their little kitchen where he prepared the coffee his wife loved to praise, while the two women came back into the *salon*, their eyes bright, their lips smiling, still excited by the pleasure of having exchanged confidences with each other. They soon placed a beautiful breakfast set of Japanese porcelain on a small rosewood table with brass feet and other ornaments of the same metal. This they placed before the fire. Laverdac came in gravely, bearing the smoking coffee-pot. He filled their cups, and the aroma of the coffee, which, as his wife said, he had made to perfection, filled the room.

"Now this will warm you, and restore your courage," said Emilie to Manette. "This is how we live. Laurent says it is safest."

"Since we fortunately have no servants."

"Yes ; servants might betray us. We have to live on very little. We take our coffee in the morning —

And, by the way, we might go to-day and dine at Venua's in the Palais Royal."

"Which would be probably the least prudent thing that we could do to-day."

"What do you mean by that, Laurent? The least prudent thing? Come!—don't exaggerate. We need not be there long. We would eat our dinner and speak to nobody, and come away. Is not that so, Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière? Don't you think that—Why, your thoughts are miles away from us, my dear. Well! yes—you shall go, and find your Monsieur Claude. All your thoughts are with him already."

"Indeed," said Manette, rousing herself from her reverie. "I was listening to you."

"Laurent, I think we should find a cabriolet at the Pont Neuf, which would take Mademoiselle de la Frégeollière—Where are you going? Tell me exactly, my sweet friend."

"To Paradise," said Laverda, laughing.

Manette blushed; and he was charmed to have made her do so. Shortly before she had caused him some embarrassment, now he paid her back in her own coin. Besides, he owed her a grudge, it seemed to him, for being so devoted to her Claude.

From Temple Bar.

MRS. MONTAGU.

THE Robinsons of Rokeby, descended from the Scottish barons of Strowan, were, in the early part of last century, a fine old north country family of more than local importance. The head of the elder branch, often met with in the annals of the period under the sobriquet of "Long Tom Robinson," was an English squire of the order familiar in melodrama, so inseparable from his hunting-suit that he entered Parisian society in it, and was greeted by a French abbé with the gravely sarcastic inquiry whether he were "Robinson Crusoe."

"Long Tom" was made a baronet.

On his death the title passed to his brother Richard, a clergyman, who, after becoming Archbishop of Armagh, was created Baron Rokeby, with remainder to Matthew Robinson, of West Layton Hall, the only male representative of a cadet branch of the family. Matthew married the heiress of Robert Drake, and had twelve children, of whom nine survived infancy. Two were daughters, both of pronounced literary tastes. The elder, in after years, from her beauty, wealth, acquirements, and position as the centre of an admiring circle, gained the title of "Queen of the Blue Stockings."

Elizabeth Robinson was born at York in 1720, and one of her earliest recollections was of being taken to see the funeral of a Dean of York, who was buried in the grand old minster with great state and solemnity. The impression made by the scene on so imaginative a child was very strong, and may have helped to produce a tendency, seen throughout her letters, to speculate on death and a future existence, even while enjoying the present life with all the ardor of youth and high spirits. When she was seven years old some property was inherited by her mother, which caused the family abode to be changed to Coveney in Cambridgeshire, fortunately for Elizabeth's intellectual development, as she became a great favorite of the learned Dr. Conyers Middleton, her grandmother's second husband, who made the beautiful and intelligent child his frequent companion, and allowed her to be present at the parties he gave to his learned brethren of the university, requiring her afterwards to give an account of their abstruse discussions, on the ground that, though she might understand little or nothing of them at the time, the habit of attention could not be too early acquired. Either at his instance or that of her father Elizabeth had, by the time she was eight years old, copied the whole of "The Spectator;" a gigantic task, but one which, no doubt, helped to make her the fluent and copious letter-writer she became at a very early age.

The home atmosphere, too, was mentally stimulating. Mr. Robinson was a clever man, still young (he had married at eighteen), and famous for his talent as an amateur landscape painter, and his conversational ability. He found the country life to which the cares of his estates and the interests of his large family condemned him, very oppressive. "My papa," wrote Elizabeth, at eleven years old, to her earliest correspondent and life-long friend, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, "is a little vapored, and last night after two hours' silence, he broke out into a great exclamation against the country, and concluded by saying that living in the country was sleeping with one's eyes open. If he sleeps all day I am sure he dreams very much of London."

He tried to relieve the rural tedium by encouraging the lively chatter and precocious repartee of his little girl, and prompting his children to form a sort of domestic debating society, at which the boys and girls, all studious and fond of discussion, used to "struggle for the mastery in wit, or the superiority in argument," while the mother, "whose frame of mind," says Elizabeth's sententious nephew and biographer, "partook rather of the gentle sedateness of good sense than of the eccentricities of genius,"¹ was called "the speaker," presiding over the debates, and keeping order amongst her active-minded and voluble family.

They were not by any means mere bookworms. Elizabeth says of herself that she was "as fond of dancing as if she had been bitten by a tarantula;" and, accompanied by her body-guard of brothers—"seven of them, and I would not part with one for a kingdom!"—would walk or drive eight miles in winter to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and return at two in the morning, "mightily pleased that I had been so well entertained."² Or

they would journey an equal distance to see a play, with a party of relations and friends, after which the gentlemen invited the ladies to supper at an inn, dispersing "at two" (which seems to have been for them as inexorable as Cinderella's stroke of midnight) for their various homes; Elizabeth thinking the pleasures of the evening fitly crowned by their carriage being upset on the return journey, at which, she says, she fairly "squalled for joy," and, to complete her felicity, had to stand half an hour in "the most refreshing rain and the coolest north wind" she ever felt, while repairs were being effected. The pursuit of pleasure in those times and places was not without its penalties; in another letter Elizabeth describes another overthrow, adding philosophically: "I always think one visits in the country at the hazard of one's bones, but fear is never so powerful with me as to make me stay at home." Writing a little later to her friend Margaret, then become Duchess of Portland, she says:—

Her Ladyship made a ball a few days ago to which she did our family the honor to invite them, and as we had got into our coach with our ball airs and our dancing shoes, at five miles of our journey we came to a brook so swelled by the rain that it looked like a river, and the water, we were told, was up to the coach seat. And as I had never heard of any balls in the Elysian Fields, and do not so much as know whether the ghosts of departed beaux wear pumps, I thought it better to reserve ourselves for the ridotto than hazard drowning for this ball.

Mr. Robinson is said to have been a sarcastic observer, who found plenty of food for ridicule in his rustic surroundings, and Elizabeth inherited his turn of mind. With the impertinence of seventeen she ridicules the *affaires de cœur* of her seniors:—

dance to either a Whig or a Tory tune, as it happens, for I am not like monkeys, who will only cut their capers for King George. I will dance for any man or monarch in Christendom. Nay, were it even a Mahometan or idolatrous king, I should not make much scruple of it. . . . Would you think a person so near akin to me as a brother would run away from a ball?"

¹ Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Published by Matthew Montagu, M.P. Second edition, 1809, vol. i., p. 7.

² Her love of dancing, she explains, is quite independent of all other considerations: "I shall

Lord Winchilsea has ceased his douceurs to Miss Palmer [she writes] which I was sorry for. I always think a languishing swain of forty (next to a credulous virgin of thirty) the most diverting sight in the world. Solomon said well that there was a time for all things. There is a time to sigh and a time to smile, but the sigh of an old man is a groan, and the smile of an old maid is a grin.

Her father himself was not exempt from the comments of this saucy critic. To country folks, she says : —

A squeaking fiddle is an occasion, and a moonlight night an opportunity to go ten miles on bad roads at any time. I must tell your Grace that my papa forgets twenty years and nine children and dances as nimbly as any of the quorum, but is now and then mortified by hearing the ladies say : "Old Mr. Robinson ! Hey sides and turn your daughter ;" other ladies who have a mind to appear young, say, "Well, there is my poor grandpapa, he could no more dance so !" Then comes an old bachelor of fifty and shakes him by the hand, and cries, "Why, you dance like one of us young fellows !" Another more injudicious than the rest, says by way of compliment, "Who would think you had six fine children taller than yourself !" ¹

By this time the family had removed to Mount Morris, near Hythe, another estate inherited by Mrs. Montagu, whence an alarm of small-pox banished them for a time to Canterbury, where, she says, "we have met with a great deal of civility, and have nothing but messages and visits from deans, deacons, canons, and the rest of the church militant here upon earth." She finds it dull, however, and is enchanted at the prospect of an escape to Bath. "I am afraid that, with the gaieties of the place, and the spirits the waters give, I shall be perfect *sal volatile*, and open my mouth and evaporate."

Bath rather disappointed her on the score of gaiety, but could not damp her irrepressible spirits : —

The day after I arrived I went to the Ladies' Coffee House, where I heard of nothing but rheumatism in the shoulder,

sciatica in the hip, and gout in the toe. . . . "How d'ye do ?" is all one hears in the morning, and "What is trumps ?" in the afternoon. . . . As for the men, except Lord Noel Somerset, they are altogether abominable. Our beaux here may make a rent in a woman's fan, they will never make a hole in her heart ! I should be glad to send you some news, but all the news of the place would be like the bills of mortality. We hear of nothing but, "Mr. Such-a-one is not abroad to-day." "Oh no," says another, "poor gentleman, he died this morning." Then another cries, "My party was made for quadrille to-night, but one of the gentlemen has had a second stroke of the palsy, and cannot come." Indeed the only thing one can do to-day we did not do the day before, is to die. Not that I would be hurried by a love of variety and novelty to do so irreparable a thing as dying.

About this time Miss Robinson's extreme animation, both mental and bodily, earned her amongst her intimate friends the pet name of *Fidget*. It originated with the Duchess of Portland, to whom she once wrote in reference to an old-fashioned table, which, she said, had more feet than a caterpillar — "Why so many legs should be required to stand still while I can *fidget* on two, I own surprises me."

Fidget is a most entertaining creature [Mrs. Pendarves tells Lady Throckmorton] but as I believe you are better acquainted with her than I am, I shall not attempt to draw a likeness. She would prove too difficult a task for my pen as well as pencil. For there are some delicate touches that would foil the skill of a much abler artist than I pretend to be.²

This mirthful young woman had her moments of seriousness and deep feeling. Writing a new year letter to Mrs. Donellan, she wishes her as the best gift of all, faithful friends : —

There is nothing so mortifying as the inconstancy of a friend, for every other fault may be excused, but that is aggravated by affection ; and the more one loves, the less one can forgive it. I think great tenderness is required to make one happy in a friend, for if they have not as

¹ Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, vol. I., part I., p. 44.

² Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany, edited by Lady Llanover. Bentley, 1861. Vol. II., p. 134.

much tenderness as you have sensibility you are not sure of that gentle treatment and delicate behavior which makes friendship delightful. I believe the reason why matrimony is so seldom agreeable, even amongst people of virtue and goodness, is a want of attention to each other's pleasure. How easy it is to make any trifle obliging, or otherwise, by the manner in which it is done! A look, a tone of voice, will make the same words insinuate kindness or rebuke.

These early letters give a very complete picture of the country life of the period. On one occasion, Elizabeth was sent away from home because her sister Sarah was attacked by small-pox. Her place of banishment was a farmhouse, the master of which, though very well off as incomes were then reckoned, was a miser, whose test of the value of everything was "just as much as it would bring." When his fair young guest praised his trees, he said, "Yes, they were brave timber, and would sell well;" when she added that they would afford a fine shelter for her favorite rooks, he replied that he "loved them well enough, but they would eat the corn." "I verily believe," she indignantly comments, "he would annihilate half God's works to have his granary the fuller." Elizabeth remained much in her own room, low-ceilinged, with a window so overgrown with ivy that, she says, since she took possession she had never seen the sun. Here she studied classic authors in the version of her old friend Dr. Middleton, and wrote to her numerous correspondents. To the Duchess of Portland she says: "They have sent me some chicken for supper, but alas! can one eat one's acquaintance? These inoffensive companions of my retirement, can I devour them? I find myself reduced to a vegetable diet, not as a Pythagorean for fear of removing the soul of a friend, but to avoid destroying the body of an acquaintance. There is not a sheep, a calf, a lamb, a goose, a turkey in the neighborhood, with which I am not intimately acquainted." Great was the joy when the sisters were allowed to see each

other again, though as a precaution the meeting was to be in the fields, and only at a distance of four feet; and Sarah "kept her hat well over her face," lest her sister should see there the still fresh traces of the dreadful malady. In the same year one of her brothers was to be inoculated, and though she has "a very good opinion of that method of having the small-pox," she confesses a great anxiety until it is over, and has not courage to undergo the same ordeal herself. Fortunately she escaped the scourge and preserved her charming appearance.

In her youth [says her nephew] her beauty was most admired for the peculiar animation and expression of her blue eyes, with high, arched dark eyebrows, and the contrast of her brilliant complexion with her dark brown hair. She was of middle stature, and stooped a little.

When Miss Robinson had entered her twenties, her friends became anxious for her settlement in life, but the attentions of her neighbors were not acceptable to her:—

To love calves one should be a calf [she says] and to love country squires one should be a country damsel. Now having assumed somewhat of a higher character than that of a calf or a damsel, I do not find great delight in their company. I think of the two creatures I best like the calf, for he stares at me as if he admired me, but never dresses up that admiration in an awkward phrase. Both calf and squire love the dairymaid better in their hearts, and only look on me as a stranger.

At eighteen she had thus described her ideal lover to the duchess:—

I will tell you what sort of man I desire, which is above ten times as good as I deserve, for gratitude is a great virtue, and I would have cause to be thankful. He should have a great deal of sense and prudence to direct and instruct me, much wit to divert me, beauty to please me, good humor to indulge me in the right, and reprove me gently when I am in the wrong; money enough to afford me more than I can want and as much as I can wish; and constancy to like me as long as other people do—that is, till my face is wrinkled by age, or scarred by the small-pox, and after

that I shall expect only civility ; for, as Mrs. Clive sings,

All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can !

Miss Robinson was merciless to the real suitors who fell painfully short of this standard. Of some unfortunate "Mr. B——" who had been peremptorily dismissed, she writes : "He takes his misfortunes so much to heart that I really pity him." But the cruel girl shows her pity in a very odd way, adding : "If he should die I will have him buried in Westminster Abbey, next to the woman who died of a prick of her finger, for it is quite as extraordinary. And he shall have his figure languishing in wax, with 'Miss Robinson fecit' written over his head."

Elizabeth's favorite aversion was gormandizing, and in her girlhood one of the cathedral dignitaries was notorious for it.

I never was in company with our Dean [she writes] but his conversation ran upon eating. He must certainly preach very bad fast sermons, but for the fatted calf, the quails and manna in the wilderness, no man could make a better discourse upon them.

Her bright eyes were open to all the peculiarities of her neighbors, and she made notes of them for the amusement of her beloved duchess, who must, from all we read of her in contemporary memoirs, especially in those of Mrs. Delany, and in her own letters, have been one of the most attractive women of her time—faultless in domestic life, charitable, gentle, gay in spirits, dignified in society, an incomparable wife and friend. She was a beauty and heiress, adored by her relations and surrounded by flatterers, but absolutely unspoilt. The duchess was as happy in her married life as she deserved to be, and her family circle shone by contrast at a time when, as her friend wrote—"the world is mad, I think—"such pains they take to get a husband or a wife to hate."

When her friend was indisposed, Elizabeth was summoned to entertain her guests and superintend her household. During one of these visits she

writes : "Bulstrode is much improved without doors ; peace, cheerfulness, and joy were always within, so that new furniture and fine pictures hardly make an addition to its former charms." The only thing she disliked there was the cold, which kept her more indoors than suited her country habits, but as usual she "salves her vexations with cheerfulness."

My chief exercise is *laughing* [she says], but whenever the weather permits, I take a wholesome bleak walk on a terrace. Mrs. Pendarves and I walked out together this morning for about an hour, and happily beguiled the time by talking of our sisters, and the comfort of sisterly friendship.

The minute details of what Elizabeth calls her journal to her sister show such simple habits and early hours in a ducal home as look strange in our more artificial day :—

For the benefit of my constitution I starved myself in the north wind this morning till one, then for the good of my spiritualities I attended chapel till half after one, and from that time till two employed myself in the necessary decorations of my person. Then I was summoned by the dinner bell to the dining-room, where I ate as if I were no goddess, though the Poet Laureate of Canterbury says, '*J'en vauz trois* ;' and having drunk, or rather, as the celestials say, quaffed a glass of Madeira, my spirits were not elevated above the weight of ham and chickens till an hour after dinner, and then I proposed to write. But the poetical Dr. Young [of the "Night Thoughts"] came in and entertained my mental faculties with "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" till six, and left me a notion or two which I could not digest till tea came in. Whether the warm water relaxed the obstinacy of my former opinion or not I cannot tell, but at last I understood all very clearly, and am come down to write just before the hour of cribbage, at which I have got great applause as a genius—it being the first time I ever attained fame at cards . . . Believe me, I would rather write to you than get the knave or twenty in crib ; in spite of fifteen two, fifteen four, and a pair six, my thoughts are with you.

To Mr. Freind she writes :—

I wish you could see the table I am writ-

ing at. It is adorned with four of the Duchess of Portland's children. They are as beautiful, and, what is not always the happiness of the beautiful, as innocent as angels. They are building card-houses, and I think at the grand Tower of Babel there was not a greater confusion of tongues. Even in this amusement I see the different bent of their tempers. One is careful of the foundation of the house, another is ambitious to have it high, though the fabric totters with its eminence. Another is impatient to have it finished, and the fourth wants me to put something in it that it will not hold. How harmless is this exercise of their little passions !

In 1742, Miss Robinson at last made her election amongst her many admirers. She had long laughed at country squires and town beaux, at soldiers and fops. The man on whom she bestowed her hand was Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, a man of unblemished character, great gentleness and amiability of temper, and considerably her senior ; "a mathematician of great eminence, and a coal-owner of great wealth."

The wedding took place on August 5th, 1742, and on the following day she wrote to the Duchess of Portland : —

I return your Grace a thousand thanks for your letter. The good wishes of a friend are of themselves a happiness, and believe me, I have always thought myself the nearer being happy because I knew you wished me so. If your affection for me will last as long as my love and gratitude to you, I think it will stay with me till the latest moment I shall have in this world. . . . Mr. Freind will tell you I behaved magnanimously ; not one cowardly tear, I assure you, did I shed at the solemn altar, though my mind was in no mirthful mood indeed. I have a great hope of happiness ; the world, as you say, speaks well of Mr. Montagu, and I have many obligations to him which must gain my particular esteem ; but such a change of life must furnish one with a thousand anxious thoughts.

The bride's old friend and step-grandfather, Dr. Conyers Middleton, wrote her a letter of stately congratulation, beginning "Madam," and expressing his "paternal pleasure" at the good fortune of one

whose amiable qualities I have been the witness of from her tenderest years, and to whom I have ever been wishing and omitting everything that is good. I have always expected from your singular merit and accomplishments that they would recommend you in proper time to an advantageous and honorable match . . . You have the fairest prospect of happiness now open before you by your marriage with a gentleman not only of figure and fortune, but of great knowledge and understanding.

Mrs. Montagu's cheerful letters show how these anticipations were fulfilled. To Mrs. Freind she says : —

I think we increase in esteem without decaying in complaisance, and I hope we shall always remember Mr. Freind and the fifth of August with thankfulness. I am infinitely obliged to him for not letting the knot be tied by the hands of an ordinary bungler ; he was very good in coming to London on purpose.

Much later, she writes to Mr. Freind himself : —

I know it will please you to hear that I have, every day since you made me a wife, had more reason to thank you for it. I have the honor and happiness to be made the guest of a heart furnished with the best and greatest virtues — honesty, integrity, and universal benevolence, with the most engaging affection for every one who particularly belongs to him. No desire of power but to do good, no use of it but to make happy . . . Since I married I have never heard him say an ill-natured word to any one.

She was charmed with her new home at Allerthorpe : —

The prettiest estate, and in the best order I ever saw . . . In this parish Dr. Robinson, our general uncle [Mrs. Freind was Mrs. Montagu's cousin] has founded a school and an almshouse, where the young are taught industry, the old content. I saw the old women with the bucks upon their sleeves at church, and the sight gave me pleasure ; heraldry does not always descend with such honor as when charity leads her by the hand. Our uncle did this good while he was alive. It was not that soul-thrift that would save itself with another's money.

Not so, however, with her country neighbors, whom she describes as

"drunken and vicious, and worse than hypocrites — profligates." "I am very happy that drinking is not within our walls," she adds. "We have not had one person disordered by liquor since we came down, though most of the poor ladies have had more hogs in their dining-room than ever they had in their hog-stye."

As member for Huntingdon, parliamentary duties often called Mr. Montagu to London, but his visits there were made as short as possible. His tastes and pursuits all led him to country retirement, though he by no means imposed his own preference for seclusion on his young and beautiful wife. She went where she pleased, always sending him full accounts of her gaieties, and evidently relying on his sympathy; and she speaks with the warmest gratitude of his consideration for her wishes. Her friends were always made cordially welcome at his country seats; and, to her special delight, it was understood that all her young brothers should spend their vacations with the Montagus.

The first great cloud gathered over Mrs. Montagu's sunshiny life when she lost her infant son in 1744. Her letters show that she had been an adoring mother, and in spite of her natural love for society, no place was so sweet to her as the home that held her husband and child. When thanking the Duchess of Portland for her sympathy, she says she would have replied before, but could not command her thoughts

so as to write what might be understood. I am well enough as to health of body, but God knows the sickness of the soul is far worse . . . Poor Mr. Montagu shows me an example of patience and fortitude, though undoubtedly he feels as much sorrow as I can do, for he loved his child as much as ever parent could.

In the following year Mrs. Montagu had partially recovered her spirits. She writes from Tunbridge Wells: —

I have had great joy in Dr. Young, whom I disturbed in a reverie. At first he started, then bowed, fell back into a surprise, began a speech, relapsed into astonishment two or three times, forgot what he had been

saying, began a new subject, and so went on. I told him your Grace desired he would write longer letters — to which he cried "Ha!" most emphatically, and I leave you to interpret what it meant. He has made a friendship with one person here whom you would not imagine to have been made for his bosom friend. You would, perhaps, suppose it was a bishop, a dean, a prebend, a clergyman of exemplary life, or a layman of most virtuous conversation . . . You would not guess that this associate of the Doctor's was — old Cibber! . . . Before the Doctor went away he carried Mrs. Rolt and myself to Tunbridge Town, five miles from the Wells, to see some fine old ruins. The manner of the journey was admirable; nor did I, at the end of it, admire the object we went to see more than the means by which we saw it . . . First rode the Doctor on a tall steed, decently caparisoned in dark grey; next ambled Mrs. Rolt on a hackney horse, lean as the famed Rozinante, but in shape more resembling Sancho's ass; then followed your humble servant on a milk-white palfrey, whose reverence for humankind, induced him to be governed by a creature not half as strong, and, I fear, scarce thrice as wise as himself. By this enthusiasm of his I rode on in safety, and at leisure to observe the company; especially the two figures that brought up the rear. The first was my servant, valiantly armed with two uncharged pistols; the last was the Doctor's man, whose uncombed hair so resembled the mane of the horse he rode one could not help imagining they were of kin, and wishing, for the honor of the family, that they had had one comb between them; on his head was a velvet cap, much resembling a black saucepan, and at his side hung a little basket . . . To tell you how the dogs barked at us, the children squalled, and the men and women stared, would take up too much time.

On their way home the mischievous lady played her friend a trick: —

The night silenced all but our divine doctor, who sometimes uttered thoughts fit to be spoken in a season when all Nature seems to be hushed and hearkening. I followed, gathering wisdom as I went, till I found by my horse's stumbling that I was in a bad road, and that the blind was leading the blind. So I placed my servant between the doctor and myself, which he not perceiving, went on in a most philosophical strain, to the great amazement of

my poor clown of a servant, who, not making any answer to all the fine things he heard, the doctor, wondering I was dumb and grieving that I was stupid, looked round—declared his surprise, and desired the man to trot on as before.

Mrs. Montagu's "conversation parties," as they were sometimes called, were first established as a protest against and an alternative to the card parties, at which gambling had become frantic and ruinous. But they were also intended to raise the tone of conversation itself above the empty chatter and worse than empty scandal generally heard in fashionable assemblies. Mrs. Montagu began with literary breakfasts, of which Madame du Bocage, who visited London in 1750, gives the following description:—

We breakfasted to-day at Lady (sic) Montagu's, in a closet lined with painted paper of Pekin, and furnished with the choicest movables of China. A long table, covered with the finest linen, presented to the view a thousand glittering cups, which contained coffee, chocolate, biscuits, cream, butter, toasts, and exquisite tea. You must understand that there is no good tea to be had anywhere but in London. The mistress of the house, who deserves to be served at the table of the gods, poured it out herself. This is the custom, and, in order to conform to it, the dress of the English ladies, which suits exactly to their stature, the white apron and the pretty straw hat, become them with the greatest propriety, not only in their own apartments, but at noon in St. James's Park, where they walk with the stately and majestic gait of nymphs.

These breakfasts were gradually superseded by the evening parties, to which, whenever ladies of literary tastes presided and scholars were invited, the name of "*Bas-bleu* Assemblies" became attached.¹ To enu-

merate all Mrs. Montagu's regular circle would be a roll-call of the men and women of her time, distinguished in art, literature, and science, together with a sprinkling of such charming leaders of society as the Duchess of Portland, who, without entering the artistic arena themselves, were the graceful patrons of those who did.

Garrick, whose fascinating wife was one of Mrs. Montagu's chief favorites, sometimes electrified the guests by reciting scenes from "*Macbeth*" and "*Lear*." The French ambassador and Madame de Noailles were present on one of these occasions, and Mrs. Montagu wrote to the great actor afterwards: "They had not the least idea such things were within the compass of art and nature." Madame de Noailles was so enthusiastic in her thanks for such intellectual enjoyment, expressed as she was descending the stairs, that her hostess feared she would forget where she was, slip, and break her neck.

Her letters, although none were ever, perhaps, so much in need of pruning, abound in quotable passages of tenderness or humor. To Mrs. Donelau (the sweet singer who added such a charm to the friendly gatherings at Bulstrode and Mrs. Delany's house) she writes: "Mutual friendships are built on mutual wants. Were you perfectly happy you would not want me; but there is no being but the one perfect who is alone and without companion and equal." To the Duchess of Portland: "We talk of you and drink your health as much as you can expect from sober people. Had I married a Tory fox-hunter he might have toasted you in a larger draught, but we temperate Whigs toast you in reason." "*Solomon*" she observes, "said of laughter, what it is? And of mirth, what doeth it

¹ This name is said to have been derived from Mrs. Vesey's reply to Mr. Stillingfleet, who refused an invitation to one of the literary gatherings on the score of his unsuitable attire, "Pooh!" she said, "don't mind dress—come in your blue stockings." Mr. Hayward, however, in his edition of Mrs. Piozzi's autobiography, quotes a note made by a lady in 1816 giving a totally different version of the origin of the sobriquet: "Lady Crewe told me that her mother (Mrs. Greville), the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Montagu were the first who

imitated the famous conversation parties at Rue St. Honoré. Mme. de Polignac, one of the first guests, came in blue silk stockings, then the newest Paris fashion. All the lady members of Mrs. Montagu's club adopted the mode. A French gentleman, after spending an evening at Mrs. Montagu's, wrote to tell a friend of the charming intellectual party who had one rule: 'they wear blue stockings as a distinction.'"

it? Vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing!" Shell-work was one of the crazes of her time: "Mrs. Donellan and I are going to make a shell frame for a looking-glass," she says. "I think a looking-glass properest for our first work, as everybody will be sure to find something they like in it." Writing to the Duchess of Portland after a country visit: "We had great variety in the house," she tells her friend; "children in cradles, and old women in elbow-chairs. I think the family may be classed like the three tenses—present, past, and future." In March, 1759, she writes from Hill Street, alluding to the fashionable remedy of the day: "Mrs. Evelyn looks ill, and is gone into the country for amendment. For my part I desire nothing of trees but the *bark* at this time of year." She disbelieved in voluntary solitude: "Nobody," she said, "lives out of the world who is fit to live in it."

I assure you I never made a fool of a wit in my life [she tells Dr. Monsey]; every boarding-school girl can do it. My nobler ambition was to make wits of fools, and I was encouraged in the attempt by a fable of Mr. Dryden's. But lord! how poets lie. I was long ago convinced it is not to be done, and so laid aside all endeavors to turn men's heads.

You despise, you say [she replies to the same correspondent] all the old women who wish to be young. Your contempt is very comprehensive, it takes in all the old women that ever were or will be, from before the flood to the final dissolution of this our globe.

One cannot wonder that these lively letters passed from hand to hand amongst her personal friends and became talked of beyond that intimate circle, or that she should have been urged to publish them by Burke, Lord Chatham, Garrick, Mr. Stillingfleet, Lord Kames, Miss Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Beattie.

Politics and public events are sometimes, but briefly, noticed in them. The Jacobite rising in 1745 cast a gloom over her winter visit to London.

I have not heard of any assemblies since I came to town [she writes] and indeed, I think people frighten each other so much when they meet that there is little pleasure arising from society. I wish we had our peace, our whist, and our vanities as last year—that by the word *drum* we understood a polite assembly, and by a rout only an engagement of hoop-petticoats.

In 1746 Mrs. Robinson died.

Concluding, with an heroic constancy [writes her daughter] the most virtuous life. From her prosperity she drew arguments of resignation and patience, and expressed the greatest thankfulness that Providence had lent her so many blessings, without repining that they were to be taken away. She had spent her life in doing those just and right things that bring peace at the last, and left the world with the greatest innocence of soul and integrity of heart I ever knew.

A loss still less anticipated was that of her second brother, a young man of great talent, who died from a cold caught while pleading before the House of Commons. But, amidst all her sorrows, she "thanked heaven that she still possessed so kind a friend as Mr. Montagu," and her letters to him, when her doctors sent her again to Tunbridge Wells, are very pretty:—

I wish I could procure wings to bring me to you on the terrace at Sandeford [she writes] where I have passed so many happy hours in the conversation of the best of companions and the kindest and dearest of friends, and I hope you will there recollect one who followed your steps as constantly as your shadow. I am still following them, for there are few moments in which my thoughts are not employed on you, and ever in the tenderest and most faithful manner. . . . To your prayer that we may not again be so long separated I can with much zealous fervor say *amen*.

Mrs. Montagu was present in 1751 at the "subscription masquerade," at which Miss Chudleigh¹ made her notorious appearance as Iphigenia, when, she says, "The maids of honor (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her." Mr. Montagu so greatly admired his wife's appearance as

¹ The *soi-disant* Duchess of Kingston.

the queen mother, in a white satin dress with fine new point for tuckers, kerchief, and ruffles, pearl necklace and earrings, pearls and diamonds on my head, and my hair curled after the Vandyke picture. . . . that he made me lay by my dress to be painted in, when I see Mr. Hoare again.

One of the many famous men who ranked among Mrs. Montagu's admirers was Mr. Pitt, afterwards first Earl of Chatham. In 1753 he was drinking the waters of Tunbridge Wells, in a state of health which occasioned much anxiety to his friends. Mrs. Montagu's cousin, Gilbert West,¹ who was also staying at Tunbridge Wells, wrote to her : —

Mr. Pitt expressed a due sense of your goodness in inquiring so particularly after him, and that you may know how high you stand in his opinion, I must inform you that in a conversation with Molly, he pronounced you *the most perfect woman* he ever met with.

Next year the great statesman gave his friends another topic : —

Since the days that Cupid set Hercules to the distaff [writes Mrs. Montagu to Gilbert West] he has not had a nobler conquest than over the elevated soul of Mr. Pitt. I congratulate you on the affinity,² and hope he will be happy. I believe Lady Hester Grenville is very good-humored, which is the principal article in the happiness of the marriage state.

It was probably from her own experience that she continued : —

These sober matches made on reflection are often happier than those made by sudden and violent passion, and I hope this will prove of that kind ; and there is an authority in the character of Mr. Pitt that will secure him the deference and obedience of his wife ; proud of him abroad, she will be humble to him at home.

Remembering what the son for whom such bright hopes are expressed became in after years, and the weird legends that grew round his deathbed,

¹ Well known as a scholar and versifier, and translator of "Pindar." Johnson wrote his life, and characterized him as "one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors."

² Mr. West was related to the Grenville family, and Lady Hester was married to Mr. Pitt at Wickham, Mr. West's country seat.

the following passage from one of "the good Lord Lyttelton's" letters to Mrs. Montagu is touching : —

My son is much obliged to you for all your goodness to him ; yet upon this occasion my wishes for him are much higher than yours. I hope and expect, from the talents he seems to be endowed with by nature, and from his mother's blood which runs in his veins, that he will far outgo his father in the career of virtue and honor. An early acquaintance and intimacy with the Madonna³ will be a further advantage, if she will be so good as to favor him with it, which will form his mind to all that is worthy and noble, and make him amends for the loss of a mother whose instructions she alone can ever supply.

Lord Lyttelton's letters to her are always affectionate and often playful :

I rejoice to hear that your eyes are grown strong again [he writes] but remember that they are to be used with some caution, like a limb newly set. I will allow you to kill with them as much as you please (for *that* they can do without any effort), but not to read as much as you please, no, nor even to write. . . . Adieu, sweet Madonna. Your boy [his son Thomas] and the governor are both perfectly well, and so is your friend Mrs. Hood, allowing for the absence of her dear,⁴ which takes from her the relish of health. Why are dears ever absent ? It is a wrong thing in the course of this world, and will be set right in paradise.

Mrs. Montagu was always anxious to form friendships with women as cultivated as herself, and quite clear-sighted enough to discern what feeling sometimes held them back. To Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, she wrote : —

I can perfectly understand why you were afraid of me last year, and I will tell you, for you won't tell me — perhaps you have not told yourself ; you had heard I set up for a wit, and people of real merit and sense hate to converse with wittlings. . . . I am happy you have found out I am not to be feared. I am afraid I must improve myself much before you will find I am to be loved.

That Miss Carter did make this dis-

³ A name given to Mrs. Montagu by Mr. West and other friends.

⁴ Her husband the admiral, afterwards Viscount Hood. They were a most devoted couple.

covery we see in her letters, one of which contains a glimpse of Mrs. Montagu at home :—

Our friend, you know, has talents which must distinguish her in the largest circles, but there it is impossible for one fully to discover either the beauties of her character or the extent and variety of her understanding, which always improves on a more accurate examination and a nearer view. The charm is inexpressibly heightened when it is complicated with the affections of the heart.

A letter to her sister Sarah gives the first indication of how strongly she felt on a subject which afterwards made her famous :—

Mr. Voltaire has given us a Chinese tragedy. . . . I read it without any concern. When I compare this indifference with the interest, the admiration, the surprise with which I read what the saucy Frenchman calls the *farces monstreuses* of Shakespeare, I could burn him and his tragedy ! Foolish coxcomb ! Rules can no more make a poet than receipts a cook. There must be taste, there must be skill. Oh ! that we were as sure our fleets and armies could drive the French out of America as that our poets and tragedians can drive them out of Parnassus !

The unhappy marriage of this clever and sympathetic sister, to whom Mrs. Montagu was so tenderly attached, was a great sorrow to her family. Her husband, George Lewis Scott,¹ had been by Bolingbroke's recommendation made sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and was therefore, so far as position went, no unfit match for the younger Miss Robinson. A separation, however, speedily followed the marriage. Her nephew gives no account of this unfortunate affair, but Mrs. Delany told her sister Mrs. Dewes, that Mrs. Scott had been "rescued," by Mrs. Montagu and her other friends, "from the hands of a very bad man." Appreciating the happiness of her own home as she did, Mrs. Montagu must have doubly regretted the blight on her sister's life.

In 1760 appeared Lord Lyttelton's

¹ Named after George I., in whose court at Hanover his father held some office.

"Dialogues of the Dead," to which Mrs. Montagu contributed three. Dr. Doran considers them "creditable to her, and, if not ringing with wit, full of good sense and fine satire. They could only have come from one who had not merely read much, but thought more." She herself said :—

The Dialogues—I mean the three worst—have had a more favorable reception than I expected. . . . Mrs. Modish is a great favorite with the town, but some of the ladies have tossed up their heads and said it was abominably satirical. . . . I have long been sorry to see the best of our sex running continually after public spectacles and diversions, to the ruin of their health and understandings and neglect of all domestic duties. But I own the late instance of their going to hear Lord Ferrers's sentence particularly provoked me. The ladies crowded to the House of Lords to see a wretch brought, loaded with crime and shame, to the bar to hear sentence of a cruel and ignominious death. . . . There was in this case everything that could disgrace human nature and civil distinctions. But it was a sight, and, in spite of all pretences to tenderness and delicacy, they went, adorned with jewels and laughing and gay, to see their fellow creature in the most horrid situation, making a sad end of this life and in fearful expectation of the commencement of another.

The selection from Mrs. Montagu's letters published by her nephew ends abruptly in 1761. Fortunately Mr. Richard Bentley purchased at a sale of autographs her subsequent correspondence with her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Robinson, and some other friends ; these letters supplied Dr. Doran with most of the material for his charming "Lady of the Last Century," and thus we are enabled to follow her life to its close.

We are apt to imagine that political enthusiasm amongst the masses, like the extension of the suffrage, is a comparatively modern development. But Mrs. Scott gives one of her brothers an amusing picture of the height to which it rose in 1762 :—

The lowest artificer thinks now of nothing but the constitution of the government. The English always seemed born politi-

cians, but were never so universally mad on the subject as at present. If you order a mason to build an oven, he immediately enquires about the progress of the peace, and descants on the preliminaries. A carpenter, instead of putting up a shelf to a cupboard, talks of the princess dowager and of secretaries of state. Neglected lie the trowel and chisel; the mortar dries and the glue hardens, while the persons who should use them are busied with dissertations on the government.¹

A prolonged tour through Scotland in 1766 added "Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, Dr. Gregory, and divers ingenious and agreeable persons" to the number of her friends. Gray had visited Edinburgh shortly before her, and she was told that his manner in society was cold and reserved, on which she remarks, with the bright audacity of her girlhood:—

I shall be very glad to see Mr. Gray whenever he will do me the favor. I think he is the first poet of the age; but if he comes to my fireside I will teach him not only to speak prose, but to talk nonsense if the occasion be. The great duty of conversation is to follow suit, as you do at whist. . . . I would not have a poet always sit on the proud summit of the forked hill.

1769 saw the publication of Mrs. Montagu's "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare," a reply to Voltaire, which attracted universal attention at the time, though opinions were hotly divided on its merits. So competent a critic as Dr. Doran declares that it "may still be read with pleasure; it is marked by good taste, by evidences of deep thought, by flashes of wit, and by the grasp she has, firmly and gracefully, on her subject. . . . No reader will hesitate to praise the earnestness and delicacy with which this lady of the last century has executed her noble task." Twenty years after its appearance Cowper wrote to Lady Hesketh:—

I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment. . . . The

learning, the good sense, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed in it fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that have been already paid to her talents, or shall be paid hereafter.

Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, did not admire it at all. Boswell remarked that it did her honor; and Johnson replied:—

Yes, sir, it does *her* honor, but it would do nobody else honor. I have, indeed, not read it all. But when I take up the end of a web and find it pack thread, I do not expect by looking further to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to say there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book. *Garrick*.—But, sir, surely it shows how much Voltaire has mistaken Shakespeare, which nobody else has done. *Johnson*.—Sir, nobody else has thought it worth while. You may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill.

Croker, however, for once on the side of mercy, ranks himself as one of her admirers against the doctor, and says the essay is "clearly and elegantly expressed, and has done effectually what it professed to do."

Dr. Johnson was at one time her fervent admirer, and wrote to her in a courtier-like strain:—

To have you detained among us by sickness is to enjoy your presence at too dear a rate. . . . I wish you may be so well as to be able to leave us, and so kind as not to be willing. . . . All that the esteem and reverence of mankind can give you are already yours; and the little I can add to the voice of nations will not much exalt. Of that little, however, you are, I hope, very certain.

She deserved his esteem, for among her many generous and charitable acts she settled a small pension on his blind friend, Mrs. Williams. He also paid a tribute, in his most ponderous style, to her conversational powers:—

Mrs. Montagu, sir, does not make a trade of her wit. But Mrs. Montagu is a most extraordinary woman. . . . She exerts more *mind* in conversation than any person I ever met with. Sir, she displays such powers of ratiocination, such radiations of intellectual eminence, as are amazing.

Mrs. Montagu could be very severe

¹ A Lady of the Last Century, by Dr. Doran, F.S.A. Richard Bentley & Son. 1873, p. 126.

on any form of meanness, ostentation, or hypocrisy which fell under her notice. In 1771 she wrote to her sister-in-law :—

The Duke of Bedford died of a fit of asthma. He departed singing the 104th Psalm. This shows he had some piety, but I think his Grace sang out of tune ; so I am not an admirer of his singing. I like a psalm-singing cobbler in death as well as in life. A poor man who has maintained a wife and children by his labor, has observed the Sabbath, kept the Ten Commandments, and lived kindly with his neighbors, may sing his own requiem with a cheerful and comfortable assurance. Of him to whom little is given, little shall be required. But the debtor and creditor of a long account is not so easily settled. Wealth, titles, power give a great influence in society. . . . Has the commonwealth been served equal to its great demands on a Duke of Bedford ?

Mrs. Montagu took a hearty share in all the pursuits and interests of her husband. We find her writing from Denton Castle, Northumberland : "Business has taken up much of my time ; and as we had farms to let against next May day, and I was willing to see the new colliery begin to trade to London before I left the country, I had the prudence to get the better of my taste for society." And again : "We have had the finest weather I ever saw for any long continuance. As a farmer I have some fault to find with it. Our wheat and barley and turnips have all suffered by drought. We had not any reason to complain of our hay, but the grass is very much burnt."

Her home duties were varied by very agreeable visits ; one of these was to Lord and Lady Temple at Stowe, where the "superb gardens" were her great attraction. Another to Burke, at Beaconsfield :—

Mr. Burke is an industrious farmer, a polite husband, a kind master, a charitable neighbor, and a most excellent companion. The demons of ambition and party who hover about Westminster do not extend their influences as far as the villa. I know not why it is, but these busy spirits seem more tranquil and pleased in their days of retreat, than the honest dull justice of the

quorum who never raised his voice in public to fill the trumpet of fame. . . . I have always found that nothing is so gentle as the chief out of war, nor so serene and simple as the statesman out of place.

"The salt of life is contrast," is the key to Mrs. Montagu's puzzle.

It seems curious to read, more than a hundred years ago, the same excuse for scanty and infrequent letters, and the same complaint of newspaper personalities, so common in our own day :

In early life I was a most punctual correspondent, but of late I have been as much too remiss as I was formerly too diligent in writing letters. . . . When newspapers only told weddings, births, and burials, a letter from London bore some value. But now that the public papers not only tell when men are born and die, but every folly they contrive to insert between those periods, the literary correspondent has nothing left. Lies and dulness used to be valued in manuscript, but printing has assumed a right over the lies of the day and the amusement of the hour. On stamped paper and by authority are published what Lady B. L. says of a fat alderman, and how Miss Biddy Bellair was dressed at the last masquerade.

Mrs. Delany tells her sister, Mrs. Port of Ilam, in 1774, how much she enjoyed a quiet dinner at which she assembled five of her favorite friends :

It was an agreeable day. The Bishop of Lichfield's sensible, cheerful conversation, with great politeness, was an excellent contrast to the Mason's shyness, and Mrs. Montagu's sprightly and inoffensive humor unfolded the poet's reserve, and they played an excellent trio till nine, when a rap at the door dispersed my company.

Less to Mrs. Delany's taste was an assembly at Mrs. Montagu's own house, to which the Duchess of Portland insisted on carrying her :—

I was dazzled with the brilliancy of her assembly. It was a moderate one, they said, but infinitely too numerous for my senses. My eyesight grew dimmer, my ears more dummy, my tongue faltered, my heart palpitated, and a few moments convinced me that the fine world was no longer a place for me, though I met with encouragement eno' from beaux and belles who gathered about me, like so many gay birds about an owl ; but my wisdom prevailed for

once over my vanity. I kept very near the door (not advancing so far as the carpet), and whispered the duchess that I was going home, which I did as soon as the door opened for more company. Her Grace soon followed me, and by a comfortable quiet hour of her all-healing conversation and a dish of good tea, was refreshed, and had full amends for all my past toils.

Mr. Montagu's health had been failing for years, but his last illness in May, 1775, was peculiarly painful.

Poor Mrs. Montagu [writes Mrs. Chapon to Mrs. Delany] is in a most distressful situation. Mr. Montagu is in the last stage, but instead of sinking easily as might have been expected from so long and gradual a decline, he suffers a great struggle, and has a fever attended with deliriums, which are most dreadfully affecting to Mrs. Montagu. If this sad scene should continue, I tremble for the effects of it on her tender frame.¹

It did not long continue. Eight days afterwards Mr. Montagu died—a mathematician to the last, demanding proof when his poor wife tried to inspire him with the faith which had replaced her own brief period of fashionable scepticism. She asked Dr. Beattie to attempt her husband's conversion, but he wrote to Dr. Laing that Mr. Montagu "set too much value on mathematical evidence, and piqued himself too much on his knowledge in that science."

He left everything to his widow, "only charging the estate," says Mrs. Delany, "with a legacy of £3,000. If her heart proves as good as her head she may do abundance of good."²

She certainly did, not only in acts of benevolence, but in the practical good sense and kindness with which she managed her new possessions. After a brief interval of retirement she set out for her northern estates, needing a bracing air after the long anxiety and confinement which had seriously injured her health and spirits. "As Mr. Montagu had always been a very good landlord," she wrote to her sister-in-law, "I thought it right to show the

good people they would have a kind landlady, and therefore I would not pass by without taking notice of them." Accordingly she visited her farms in person, and invited her tenants to a banquet at the chief inn of the neighborhood. "Unfortunately there was not a room large enough to contain all my good friends, so the women and the young lasses dined with me, and the men with the steward."

She was pleased with the condition of her Yorkshire property.

No complaint on the part of the tenant of poverty, or on that of the landlord of arrears. The land is in good condition, and by having been long settled they have acquired an affection for the farm they are placed upon, and will always give it as good a rent as it deserves; and they know the nature of the undertaking too well to give more. It is folly to let farms too cheap; and it is both wickedness and folly to let them too dear.

The colliers came in for a share of her attention:—

Denton [she says] has mightily the air of an ant-hill—a vast many black animals forever busy. . . . I used to give my colliery people a feast when I came hither, but as the good souls (men and women) are very apt to get drunk, and when drunk very joyful, and sing, and dance, and holloa, and whoop, I dare not on this occasion trust their discretion to behave with proper gravity.

So she contented herself with sending large joints of meat to all the heads of families, and giving the boys and girls a supper of boiled beef and rice pudding. Clothes, too, she gave them, and proposed establishing a school at which the girls might learn sewing, spinning, and knitting:—

I have not been one moment ill since I set out on my journey [she writes]. I walk about my farms and down to my colliery like a country gentlewoman of the last century. . . . I cannot yet reconcile myself to seeing my fellow-creatures descend into the dark regions of the earth, though, to my great comfort, I hear them singing in the pits.

In the following summer Mrs. Montagu went to Paris. Walpole, writing

¹ Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. Second series, vol. ii., p. 126.

² Walpole told Mason she had £7,000 a year.

to Manse, relates an incident in this visit which showed her ready wit. Voltaire, he says, sent to the French Academy

an invective against Shakespeare that bears all the marks of passionate dotage. Mrs. Montagu happened to be present when it was read. Suard, one of their writers, said to her, "*Je crois, madame, que vous êtes un peu fâchée de ce que vous venez d'entendre ?*" She replied, "*Moi, Monsieur ? Point du tout ! Je ne suis pas amie de Monsieur Voltaire !*"¹

Mrs. Scott, like her sister, was often at Bath, and there, in 1775-6, she noticed a little lame boy, between four and five years old :—

When he had bathed in the morning, got through a reading-lesson at an old dame's near his lodging on the Parade, and had a drive over the downs with the author of "*Douglas*" and Mrs. Home [says Dr. Doran] the boy was sometimes to be seen in the boxes of the old theatre. On one such occasion, witnessing "*As You Like It*," his interest was so great that in the middle of the wrestling scene in the first act, he called out : "*Ain't they brothers ?*" The boy, when he had become a man, said in his autobiography : "*A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event.*" This boy's name was Walter Scott.²

An illness, very similar to that so unpleasantly familiar under the same name of late years, is often referred to in Mrs. Montagu's letters :—

I imagine [she says] my fever at Canterbury was the influenza, which has lately raged so much. It leaves people very weak and much affects the nerves. Some have lost their speech for a few days, others their hearing. My Northumberland steward and my brother, who left London when I did, were both taken ill on the road. . . . I believe my principal illness was owing to contagion in the air. My servants have all been sick.

Here is a mode of appealing to the "free and independent" populace

¹ Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by Peter Cunningham. Bentley and Son, 1891, vol. vi., p. 396.

² A Lady of the Last Century, pp. 203-4.

more practical than the visionary "three acres and a cow :"—

Lady Strathmore's conduct at Newcastle, in the election, is, perhaps, not generally known. She sits all day in the window at a public house, from whence she lets fall some jewels or trinkets, which voters pick up, and then she gives them money for restoring them—a new way of offering bribes.

The record of advancing years is largely tinged with inevitable sorrow. One of the dearest of Mrs. Montagu's seven brothers died in 1777, and in the following January she writes :—

My spirits felt a great damp at first returning to London, where I used to enjoy the friendly converse of my dear departed brother. Death, disasters, and incidents have reduced a large fireside to a small circle. A few years, indeed, showed me that the flattering hopes one entertained in the nursery, of living in social gaiety and freedom with those nearly allied in blood, were mere pleasing delusions. If other things do not sever these natural connections, the fatal scissors cut their thread.

When dipping into old diaries and letters, it is wonderful how often we find that what we consider our own newest and most advanced crazes were anticipated in some degree by our remote ancestresses. Fencing is one of the latest accomplishments imparted to girls, but in 1778 Mrs. Montagu writes :

Minuet dancing is just now out of fashion, and, by the military air and dress of many of the ladies, I should not be surprised if backword and cudgel-playing should take its place. I think our encampments excellent for making men less effeminate ; but if they make our women more masculine, the male and female character, which should ever be kept distinct, will now be less so than they have been !

The "*Great Cham of Literature*," one cannot but suspect, enjoyed the little rivalries and jealousies, the sparings and huffs of the Muses and Graces, by whom he was adoringly surrounded. He certainly took a malicious delight in "*setting them on*." Here is a case in point. One evening at Streat-ham, in 1778, Dr. Johnson complained that he "*could not make little Burney*

prattle." "To-morrow, sir," said Mrs. Thrale consolingly, "Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough."

Dr. Johnson began to see-saw [continues Miss Burney] with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun. And after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation turned to me, and said: "Down with her, Burney, down with her! Spare her not! Attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits; and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered. But when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor, dear little soul! So at her, Burney! At her, and down with her!"

In spite of this amiable adjuration, Miss Burney adds:—

Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in the literary way. Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory who wrote the "Legacy of Advice," lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her. "Mark, now," said Dr. Johnson, "if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her." "Why, to be sure, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. You were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured. But still, when a lady changes color, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed."

On this gentle reminder Dr. Johnson, as Mrs. Thrale probably intended that he should, recalled his virtuous resolution.

"Why, madame, I won't answer, that I shan't contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then. But a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already.¹ And I begin

¹ Mrs. Montagu was offended by Johnson's neither accepting nor acknowledging an invitation to one of her Hill Street assemblies—a distinction eagerly sought for and highly valued by most of his literary contemporaries.

to tremble for my admission to her new house." "Oh, I warrant you," answered Mrs. Thrale, "she fears you, indeed. But that you know is nothing uncommon. And dearly I love to hear your disquisitions. For certainly she is the first woman for literary knowledge in England; and if in England, I hope I may say in the world." Dr. J.—"I believe you may, madame. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or, indeed, almost any man."² Mrs. T.—"I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, in that art. And you, who love magnificence, won't quarrel with her, as everybody else does, for her love of finery." Dr. J.—"No, I shall not quarrel with her upon that topic. . . . Come, Burney—shall you and I study our parts against Mrs. Montagu comes?"

Naturally the meeting so discussed in anticipation is very fully detailed in the diary.

Mrs. Montagu is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm. She has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that his acquaintance, Mrs. Hervey, says she can remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp says the same. However, nobody can now impartially see her and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded. My expectations, which were compounded of the praise of Mrs. Thrale and the abuse of Mr. Crisp, were most exactly answered, for I thought her in a medium way.

Then Mrs. Thrale began to discuss

² Johnson did not, however, admit her claim to deep scholarship. "She does not know Greek, and, I fancy, little Latin," he assured Boswell. "She is willing you should think she knows them. But she does not say she does." On the contrary, she incessantly deprecated receiving credit for scholarship she did not possess. "I thank you," she writes to Dr. Monsey, "for all the wit and the wisdom, and the Latin and Greek in your letter. For though I have no skill in these matters, it looks as if you thought I had, and the presumption does me much honor." But Johnson stoutly defended her when Boswell accused her of being generous "from vanity." "I have seen no beings," said the doctor, "who do as much good from benevolence as she does, from whatever motive. If there are such under the earth or in the clouds, I wish they would come up or come down. What Soame Jenyns says on this subject is not to be minded. He is a wit." (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edited by Alexander Napier, M.A. Bell and Sons, edit. 1884, vol. iii., pp. 92, 259.)

"Evelina," and to announce the author, on which "clap of thunder" the modest Fanny, finding "handkerchiefing her face" insufficient, "took to her heels and ran out of the room, and did not reappear until dinner time." Presumably, Fanny feared that Mrs. Montagu would prostrate herself before her at the first opportunity, for she gravely records: "Mrs. Montagu behaved to me just as I could have wished, since she spoke to me very little, but spoke that little with the utmost politeness." Before her departure Mrs. Montagu invited all the company present to her house-warming on the following Easter day; on which Dr. Johnson

clapped his hand on my shoulder and called out aloud: "Little Burney, you and I will go together!" "Yes, surely," cried Mrs. Montagu; "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing 'Evelina!'" "'Evelina!'" repeated he, "has Mrs. Montagu then found out 'Evelina!'" "Yes, and I am proud of it. I am proud that a work so commended should be a woman's!" . . . She repeated her invitation as she left the room. So now that I am invited to Mrs. Montagu's I think the measure of my glory full!¹

In 1781 Dr. Johnson's "Life of Lyttelton" occasioned a coolness between him and Mrs. Montagu. He sent it to her in manuscript, and she objected to the tone of several passages which she thought depreciated her old and valued friend; but he sent the work to press without modifying a syllable, and she never treated him with cordiality again; and although he accepted an invitation to dine at her house, she did not talk to him. Johnson turned to his neighbor, General Paoli, and remarked, "You see, sir, I am no longer the man for Mrs. Montagu."

Horace Walpole took a malicious delight in this division in the literary camp:—

At a blue stocking meeting held by Lady Lucan [he writes to Mann] Mrs. Montagu and Johnson kept at different ends of the chamber, and set up altar against altar there. She told me, as a mark of her high

displeasure, that she would not ask him to dinner again. I took her aside and fomented the quarrel, and wished I could have made Dagon and Ashtaroth scold in Coptic.

When writing of his own first introduction to literary society, Wraxall says:—

At the time of which I speak, the *gens de lettres*, or blue stockings, as they were commonly denominated, formed a very numerous, powerful, compact phalanx in the midst of London. . . . Mrs. Montagu was then the Mme. du Deffaud of the English capital, and her house constituted the central point of union for all those persons who already were known, or who emulated to become known by their talents and productions. Her supremacy was indeed established on more solid foundations than those of intellect, and rested on more tangible materials than any with which Shakespeare himself could furnish her. She had not as yet begun to construct the splendid mansion in which she afterwards resided in Portman Square,² but lived in an elegant house in Hill Street, which she was accustomed to open to a large company of both sexes, whom she frequently entertained at dinner. A service of plate, and a table plentifully covered, disposed her guests to admire the splendor of her fortune, not less than the lustre of her talents. She had found the same results flowing from the same causes during the visit she made to Paris after the peace of 1763, when she displayed to the astonished literati of that metropolis the extent of her pecuniary as well as of her mental resources. As this topic formed one of the subjects most gratifying to her, she was easily induced to launch out on it with much complacency. . . . Mrs. Montagu, in 1776, verged towards her sixtieth year. But her person, which was thin, spare, and in good preservation, gave her an appearance of less antiquity. From the infirmities often attendant on advanced life, she seemed almost wholly exempt. All the lines of her countenance bespoke intelligence, and her eyes, like the cast of her features, had in them something satirical and severe, rather than amiable or inviting.

This may possibly have been correct

² Her nephew and heir told an acquaintance that she built this house, and the one at Sandlands, Berks, out of the savings of an income of £6,000 per annum. [H. B. Wheatley, Ed. Wraxall].

¹ Diary, etc., of Madame d'Arblay. Edit. 1891, vol. i., pp. 65-74.

at the period of which Wraxall writes. But if any faith is to be placed in the well-known engraving from Zincke's miniature, representing her at the age of twenty-four, in the fancy dress she wore as Anne Boleyn, not only was her beauty unquestionable, but her expression that of most candid and attractive sweetness. And the expression of a face rarely changes utterly, however cruel time may be to the features.

She possessed great natural cheerfulness and a flow of animal spirits, loved to talk, and talked well on almost every subject, led the conversation, and was qualified to preside in her circle; but her manner was more dictatorial and sententious than conciliating or diffident. There was nothing feminine about her. And though her opinions were usually just, as well as delivered in language suited to give them force, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious.

Not content with attacking Mrs. Montagu's looks and voice, this merciless critic goes on to find fault with her attire, which he calls "destitute of taste," although, he says, she studied it more "than would seem to have become a woman professing a philosophic mind."

Even when approaching fourscore, this female weakness still accompanied her; nor could she relinquish her diamond necklace and bows, which formed on evenings the perpetual ornament of her emaciated person. I used to think that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes helped to dazzle the disputants whom her arguments might not always convince.¹ Notwithstanding the defects that I have enumerated, she possessed a masculine understanding, enlightened, cultivated, and expanded by the acquaintance of men as well as of books. Many of the most illustrious persons in rank, no less than in ability, under the reigns of George II. and III., had been her correspondents, friends, and admirers. . . . She was constantly surrounded by all that was distinguished for

¹ As a girl she professed a fine contempt for all such adornments, probably well aware that she could then easily dispense with them. "Surely," she wrote, of all vanities, that of jewels is the most ridiculous. They do not even tend to the order of dress, beauty, and cleanliness. For a woman is not a jot the handsomer or cleaner for them."

attainments or talents, male or female, English or foreign. And it would be ungrateful in me not to acknowledge the gratification derived from intercourse with such a society.²

The "splendid mansion in Portman Square," referred to by Wraxall, was completed in 1782:—

As I got everything accomplished before I left London, I had the satisfaction of getting a receipt in full of all demands from the various artificers. I will own my taste is unfashionable, but there is to me a wonderful charm in those words, *in full of all demands*. My house never appeared to me so noble, so splendid, so pleasant, so convenient as when I had paid off every shilling of debt it had incurred. The worst of haunted houses are those haunted by duns.

Walpole wrote to Mason in February:—

I dined on Monday with the Harcourts in Mrs. Montagu's new palace, and was much surprised. Instead of vagaries, it is a noble, simple edifice. When I came home, I recollected that, though I had thought it so magnificent a house, there was not a morsel of gilding. It is grand, not tawdry, nor larded and embroidered with shreds, and remnants, and clinquant, like all the harlequinades of Adam, which never let the eye repose a moment.³

She herself said of it:—

I receive many compliments upon its elegance and magnificence, but what most recommends it to me is its convenience and cheerfulness. A good house is a great comfort in old age, and among the few felicities that money can obtain.

The London "palace" enabled Mrs. Montagu to hold larger and more brilliant assemblies than ever. They were turned into ridicule by Cumberland (perhaps he was not amongst those invited?) under the title of "The Feast of Reason," contributed to "The Observer." He calls Mrs. Montagu "Vanessa," and represents her as seated, like the Athenian Minerva, receiving the homage of a mingled crowd of worshippers; or passing from

² Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall. Bickers & Son, 1834. Vol. i., pp. 99-103.

³ Letters of Horace Walpole. Edit. 1891. Vol. viii., p. 156.

group to group, prompting mathematicians to quote Pindar, persuading lawyers to write novels, or urging men of business to manufacture rhymes as well as buttons. The whole essay, according to Dr. Doran, is a curious mixture of praise and blame — so blended that neither could have been of much weight. The paper excited some curiosity at court, however, according to Fanny Burney, who herself figured in it in complimentary terms.

About this time [she writes] the Queen one day, taking up a book, said, "Now don't answer what I am going to ask you if you have any objection to it. This book, I am told, contains the character of Mrs. Montagu?" It was "The Observer." I could not deny it. And she opened at the account of Vanessa, and read it out to me, stopping upon every new name for a key I could give it to but very few — Mrs. Wright the wax modeller, Dr. Johnson, and I forget what others. . . . How infinitely severe a criticism is this Vanessa upon Mrs. Montagu! Do you remember hearing Mr. Cambridge read it at Twickenham? I think it a very injurious attack in Mr. Cumberland; for whatever may be Mrs. Montagu's foibles, she is free, I believe, from all vice, and as a member of society she is magnificently useful. This, and much more to this purpose, I instantly said to her Majesty, who was very ready to hear me, and to concur in thinking such usage very cruel.¹

One of the greatest curiosities in her new home was the "feather room," with hangings made by herself from the plumage of peacock, pheasant, swan, and many a less distinguished bird. Cowper sang of this apartment that —

The birds put off their every hue
To dress a room for Montagu;

in which he says she assembles genius, wit, philosophy, learning, and fancy:

All these to Montagu repair,
Ambitious of a shelter there.
She thus maintains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day.
The plume and poet both, we know,
Their lustre to his influence owe;

¹ Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay. As edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett. Bell and Sons, edit. 1891, vol. ii., p. 208.

And she the works of Phœbus aiding,
Both poet saves, and plume, from fading.

In Mrs. Montagu's radiant youth Dr. Young, on one of their meetings at Tunbridge Wells, had anticipated Cowper's comparison, and much amused the object of his compliment by calling the sun "her only rival."

In curious and interesting contrast to the stately gatherings laughed at in "The Observer," was an entertainment annually given by Mrs. Montagu to the London chimney-sweeps, on May day. The poor children who at that period climbed the chimneys must have been especially delighted with the "bird-room," if their kind hostess allowed them to see it, as no doubt she did.

Her new house at Sandleford was a source of equal pleasure with the town mansion.

As fast as time wrinkles my forehead [she writes in 1781] I smoothe the ground about Sandleford. In a little while I shall never see anything belonging to me that is not pretty, except when I behold myself in the looking-glass. . . . The noble rooms which Mr. Wyatt was building when you were at Sandleford, are now finishing with the greatest simplicity.

Her ample fortune enabled her to do much for the pleasure of the large family of young relations with whom she loved to surround herself.

As age is apt to bring with it a certain degree of melancholy and discontent, I endeavor to prevent its having that effect by sympathizing in the joy of my young friends. . . . Life never knows the return of spring, and I am always an advocate for their gathering the primroses of their time. A young person not allowed to please himself sometimes will lose any desire to please others.

She was an admirable counsellor as well as a delightful chaperon.

The chief honor and felicity of my life has been derived from the superior merit of my friends; principles, opinions, habits, are acquired from those with whom we live and converse most. . . . Be cautious, be delicate, be a little ambitious, my dear niece, in the choice of your friends. I would be far from inculcating a supercilious contempt for persons of weak under-

standing, or a censorious condemnation of their levity of manners. Humility and charity are the greatest virtues, and let them ever guide your manners and regulate your conversation . . . Be assured that the wisest persons are the least severe, and the most virtuous are the most charitable.

In the following year there was an alarm of fire at Sandleford, and she says the most useful person in the household, next to her nephew Matthew, was an old blind man, to whom she had given a home for fifteen years, ever since he lost his sight. Some of the beams and rafters caught fire, and "the first water thrown on the flames boiled up;" but all danger was over in an hour.

I was much complimented on my courage [she says] from which my composure was supposed to arise, but I confess that composure had its rise in cowardice. I was so glad to find our lives were not in danger, that the consequences threatened to my property made little impression.

Her greatest satisfaction in 1785 arose from the marriage of her heir and nephew Matthew Montagu¹ (born Robinson) to a gentle and charming ward in Chancery, Miss Charlton. Mrs. Montagu attended the wedding in Marylebone Church, and drove with the bride and bridegroom to Sandleford, which, she says, much pleased Mrs. Matthew Montagu.

It was always the favorite abode of her husband, and now he has got a fair Eve, it appears to him a Paradise. I am in perfect health and perfect content; and we are

¹ Of this nephew, Wraxall wrote: "The celebrated Mrs. Montagu having adopted him as her heir, he received her husband's name. At her feet he was brought up—a school more adapted to form a man of taste and improvement, than a statesman or a man of the world. After this gentleman entered the House of Commons there was some difficulty in distinguishing between him, Matthew Montagu, and Montagu Matthew. General Matthews himself defined the distinction. 'I wish it to be understood,' said he, 'that there is no more likeness between Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montagu than between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut.'"

three as happy people as can be found in any part of the habitable globe.

Seventeen years longer Mrs. Montagu shared the happiness of her adopted children. Her nephew seems to have much resembled in disposition what she was in her own youth, for she writes:—

He acquitted himself admirably at Bath. He usually opened the ball and danced to the last. Indeed, with a great deal of prudence and discretion, he has as gay spirits as any I ever knew. So he is happy at all times and in all places, and makes those who are with him so.

She herself retained almost to the last spirits enough to enjoy society, and continue what Miss Burney called her "magnificent usefulness." Under her roof still assembled the intellectual leaders of the age—Burke, Wilberforce, and Mackenzie among them; and she gave great dinners to great people—Luxembourgs, Montmorencies, and Czartoriskis.

But a time came at last to her, as it comes to all, when nature asserted itself over habit. In 1798 Dr. Burney wrote of her as almost blind and very feeble. In 1799 she saw no one but her family and most intimate friends; and in 1800 she died, "prepared to pass thankfully to her rest."

In the days of her maidenhood [says Dr. Doran] when she was glad in her youth and in her beauty, and conscious of her intellect, yet unconscious of the pleasures, duties, and trials before her, and fearing she might live idle and die vain, she said, "If ever I have an inscription over me, it shall be without a name, and only, 'Here lies one whom, having done no harm, no one should censure; and having done no good, no one can commend. Who, for past folly, only asks oblivion.'" She lived, however, to do much good, to make amends for small and venial follies, and to merit such pains as it may cost a poor chronicler to rescue her name and deeds from the oblivion which she asked in the pleasant days of her bright youth and her subduing beauty.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE POLITICAL WORLD OF FIELDING AND SMOLLETT.

IT is on record that Sir Robert Walpole, deeming the family estate to be but a poor heritage for the children of so great a man as himself, took advantage of his position as prime minister to settle upon them certain sinecure offices worth many thousand pounds a year. The third son, who was no other than the celebrated Horace, seems to have been deeply affected by his father's generosity. In glowing terms he has declared that Sir Robert's benevolence was only equalled by his patriotism; and, transferring his gratitude from the benefactor to the time which made the benefaction possible, he has given so delightful a picture of the early Georgian period that few modern readers can restrain a sigh that they, too, did not live in that golden age.

The government of England, at the time when Sir Robert provided for his family out of the public funds, was an oligarchy pure and simple. It remained so till the accession of the third George. The great Whig houses had silenced the king and muzzled the people; to the victors belonged the spoils, and the successful party, uncriticised and unchecked, gorged itself right merrily with the national wealth. No official appointment, from a secretaryship at state to a commission in the army, could be obtained save by political influence; and thus any member of one of the great Whig families found the road to fortune, if not fame, a very path of primroses. But beyond the charmed circle lay a vast crowd of aspirants of whom the aristocratic memoir writers reck but little; unfortunates who, though sometimes of good family, were never of good estate, and who strove hard to obtain by trickery or persistence some share in the loaves and fishes. The two great novelists of the time, Fielding and Smollett, were both of them members of this political half-world. Like poor relations at some pompous family gathering, they eyed the self-satisfied complacency of

the ruling clique with snarling derision. And from the countless political allusions scattered through their works we can reconstruct for ourselves the joys and sorrows of this humble but interesting section of the political life of the eighteenth century.

The leading ministers, excepting Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle, who both loved the details of jobbery, were far too busy to pay attention to each individual place-hunter. Hence came into being a new creation, the patronage-monger, on whose "recommendations" the prime minister agreed to act. To Fielding and Smollett this person is the pivot of the whole political system, and throughout their works he always appears under the title of the *great man*. But the number of *great men* were small, and their high station rendered them generally unapproachable by the vulgar. The result was seen in the birth of a horde of agents who engaged, directly or indirectly, to introduce applicants to the great man's notice. The political world, according to Fielding and Smollett, is thus organized in a curious hierarchy of ascending influence. "Perhaps," says Smollett's Tom Bowling to his nephew Roderick Random, "I may have interest enough to procure you a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong; for the beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under clerks are sworn brothers, and that under clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under secretary, who, on his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf." Tom Bowling is described as possessed of a childlike faith in the honesty of human promises; for, as Fielding and Smollett point out, the *little great man* was in nine cases out of ten a deceiver of the blackest dye. He was wont to make a respectable income by falsely engaging to forward applications to the right quarter. When Lieutenant Booth, in Fielding's "Amelia,"

wants to be put back on the active list, he begins operations by slipping a banknote for £50 into the hand of a war-office clerk. The rogue might just as well have promised to procure Booth's election as pope of Rome; yet, so accustomed was he to make profit from his political pretensions, that he took poor Booth's offering "not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into its maw."

Even if our office-seeker at last obtained access to the great man, the hardest part of his task was yet to come. With light heart and cheery mien he sets out for the great man's house. At the very threshold he finds a new and unexpected obstacle. The great man's porter, like Peter at the gate of Heaven, bars the way to bliss. Fielding, in an address to Sir Robert Walpole, wittily describes the humors of this dreaded Cerberus:—

*Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you, still you say
"I'm busy now, to-morrow come!"
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as that the lie?*

The great man's porter has by years of practice acquired an unerring insight into the character of his master's visitors. According to Fielding he is a kind of thermometer by which one may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. As the great man has different greetings for the rich, the doubtful, and the poor, so has the porter. "To some he bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low. Some he just lets in, others he just shuts out; and in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public." In any case, all must pay toll to the porter before they can gain admittance. When Roderick Random comes by special appointment to breakfast with Lord Strutwell,

the porter places himself before the door, "like a soldier in a breach." On which, says Roderick, "I recollected myself all of a sudden, and slipping a crown into his hand, begged as a favor that he would inquire whether my lord was up. The grim janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and showed me into a parlor." Even then fresh toll had to be paid to footmen and valets before the applicant actually found his way to the holy of holies, the great man's private room. And now comes the unkindest cut of all. The great man himself merely turns out to be the robber who takes all that is left! Not that he ever refuses the applicant point-blank; he is too well-bred for that. He prefers to keep the victim hanging on till, rendered desperate by evasion and delay, he vanishes again into outer darkness. "I have what I think good news for you, sir," says a certain peer, on whose influence he bases great hopes, to Lieutenant Booth. "I have mentioned your affair . . . and I have no doubt of my success." Cadwallader Crabtree, the cynical humorist in "Peregrine Pickle," mentions a great man who amused him with the promise of a commission in the army for seven years. Parson Adams, in return for some election work, was promised a benefice by Sir Thomas Booby. "And I believe," he says (honest man), "I should have had it, but an accident happened, which was that my lady had promised it before unknown to him. . . . Since that time Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me!" Lord Strutwell, Roderick Random's patron, "whose interest at court is so low, that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year in the customs, or excise," has crowds of applicants at his levée every morning. The noble lord to whom Peregrine Pickle entrusts his interests, after keeping him in attendance for many a long day, ends by swindling him out of £10,000, in return for which Peregrine receives exactly nothing. No wonder

that middle-class folk who wished for state appointments raged in impotent fury against the chicanery and obstruction that beset their path; or that Fielding, after describing Jonathan Wild's career as liar, thief, seducer, traitor, and assassin, can think of no better climax than to call him "a perfect great man!"

The greater part of the political allusions in Fielding and Smollett deal with the woes of the unhappy place-hunter; we can also glean from them a pretty shrewd idea of the popular theory of politics. It was an accepted dogma that membership of the House of Commons was to all intents and purposes a matter of private arrangement between the great territorial magnates. On one occasion Peregrine Pickle, not content with lending his money to bankrupt peers in London, thinks to strengthen his pretensions by putting himself up for Parliament as a government candidate. He hurries down to a country borough, sets the public house taps a-flow, distributes bank-notes among the more sordid voters, and makes love to the matrons with such success that things soon begin to go in his favor. But his opponent happens to belong to a great family which has represented the borough for many generations. The latter is furious at the thought of being ousted by a stranger; and, at last, he writes a letter to the prime minister, offering "to compromise the affair, by giving up two members in another place, provided that the opposition should cease in his own corporation." The proposal is at once accepted, and Peregrine is forced to withdraw on the very eve of victory.

But perhaps the most singular feature at Parliamentary elections is the utter absence of a programme. Parliamentary reform, social reform, local government reform, and all the crowd of proposals which pad a modern candidate's address were entirely undreamed of. The Englishman of the middle years of the eighteenth century was born and lived in a fixed political and social groove, wherein none had the audacity to propose a change.

What touched him were a few broad, general principles, such as the antagonism between the squire and the merchant, between the Churchman and the Dissenter, between the Jacobite and the Hanoverian. Take, for instance, the speeches in the election scene in Smollett's "Sir Lancelot Greaves." First appears Sir Valentine Quickset, a Tory foxhunter. He begins by informing the electors that he has lived among them time out of mind, and possesses an income "of vive thousand clear," which he spends at home in old English hospitality. "I am, thank God," he continues, "a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal though unworthy son of the Church. . . . I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures [this was a characteristic cut at the German sympathies of the court], whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt, and the taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen, vreeholders of this here county, I value no minuster a vig's end, d'ye see; if you will vavor me with your votes and interest I'll engage one-half of my estate that I never cry yea to your shillings in the pound [a reference to the land-tax, a Whig invention], but will cross the ministry in everything as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vree-holder in the ould interest." The Whig candidate, Mr. Isaac Vanderpelft, a Jewish contractor and financial agent, begins with the satisfactory announcement that he has "fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, acquired by commerce, the support of the nation!" He describes himself as a faithful subject to his Majesty King George, sincerely attached to the Protestant succession, in detestation of a popish, an abjured, and an outlawed Pretender. And he ends by declaring his readiness to expend his substance and his blood in defence of the glorious Revolution of 1689.

Fielding's Squire Western is the incarnation of old English tradition. "I had rather be anything," says he, "than a courtier, and a Presbyterian,

and a Hanoverian as some people are." He looks with suspicion on Whig finance. Rather than portion his daughter if she marries Tom Jones, he will give his estate to the sinking fund, that it may be sent to Hanover to corrupt the nation with. He prophesies the day when Roundheads and Hanover rats will be driven forth. "The times are a-coming," he roars, "that we shall make fools of them, and every man shall enjoy his own. I hope to see it before the rats have eat up all our corn and left us nothing but turnips to feed on." Turnips, be it known, were introduced into England by a Whig statesman, Lord Townshend.

It is the same with Lawyer Ferret, a Tory henchman in "Sir Lancelot Greaves." In the disguise of a cheap-jack he tramps the country, and delivers addresses in which praise of his wares is cleverly mixed up with abuse of a "Germanized" ministry. "Take notice," says he, "I don't address you in the style of a mountebank or High German doctor; and yet the country is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. . . . We have quacks in government, High German quacks that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. Like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but as a changeling is dazzled by an *ignis fatuus*, a will-o'-the-wisp, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some Hanoverian pit or quagmire."

The Tories could accuse the Whig government of making English policy subservient to Hanoverian interests. But the Whigs countered with tremendous force by fastening on their opponents the charge of Jacobitism. Smollett, as became a doughty Scot, felt a secret admiration for the ill-fated heroes of 1745. Fielding, however, was a strong supporter of the Hanoverian line; and from him we get a good idea of the Hanoverian standpoint. England had no affection for King

George himself, but it rightly valued the principles he represented. The Hanoverian monarchy meant good trade and a free press. It gave toleration to all sects except the Roman Catholic. It was universally believed that if the Pretender came to the throne he would repudiate the national debt; and thus all the fund-holders were Hanoverians to a man. Who, moreover, asks Fielding, would have gained by a Jacobite restoration? Such an enterprise must depend for its success on the help of Frenchmen and Scotch Highlanders. They therefore would have the first claim on a restored Pretender's liberality. A few country squires toasted the king over the water; and from a tract of Fielding's, "*De Arte Jacobiticâ*," it would seem that in certain cultured circles it was thought correct to speak reverently of that blessed martyr King Charles the First. But among both the aristocracy and the middle classes in general the memory of the Stuarts had become the shadow of a shade. The rebellion of 1745 aroused no enthusiasm out of Scotland. With the lower orders the Pretender's cause was hopeless. To begin with he was a Frenchman. In Smollett's play, "*The Jack Tars of Old England*," occurs a delightful picture of the true-born Briton's idea of his French brother. "Eh bien! Monsieur, que souhaitez-il?" says Lieutenant Champignon, on meeting Mr. Midshipman Haulyard. "Anan! mounseer! sweat ye!" answers the latter. "I believe if we come alongside of you, we'll make you all sweat!" Frenchmen were supposed to be wizened-faced, high-shouldered, and undersized. They never drank beer; they had no prize-fights; they were perpetually bowing, scraping, pirouetting, and paying compliments; they were ridiculously over-dressed; they painted their faces; they cheated at cards; they made love to every woman they met. In his "*Travels through France and Italy*" Smollett delivers a diatribe against the French nation, in which all their defects are enumerated in extraordinary detail. "A French friend,"

he concludes, "tires out your patience with long visits; and far from taking the most palpable hints to withdraw, when he perceives you uneasy, he observes you are low-spirited, and therefore declares he will keep you company. This perseverance shows that he must either be void of all penetration, or that his disposition must be truly diabolical. Rather than be tormented with such a fiend, a man had better turn him out of doors, even though at the hazard of being run through the body." How could a creature like this hope to become king of England?

But what really ruined the Pretender's chances with the English people was the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. This point is well brought out by Fielding. The one undoubted characteristic of popular English sentiment at this time was its deep hatred of "popery." In the *True Patriot*, a Whig journal founded by Fielding, occurs a diary supposed to be written after a Jacobite victory. It well expresses the popular idea as to the results of such a catastrophe, and contains passages like the following.

1746. January 3. — Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

January 12. — Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, Father Macdagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's; sworn afterwards of the privy council.

February 3. — Father Poignardini, a Jesuit, made privy seal.

February 13. — Four heretics burnt in Smithfield. Mr. Machenly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by Father O'Blaze, the Dominican.

February 19. — Rumors of a plot. More heretics committed. Father Macdagger made president of Magdalen College, Oxford.

February 21. — The deanery of Christ Church given to Father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely to the general of the Jesuit's order resident in Italy.

March 7. — The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry; met at the Royal Exchange by my Lord Mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honor to kiss

his toe; proceeds to Paul's churchyard; met there by Father O'Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hereticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield.

Nothing like the universal and minute interest in contemporary politics which marks our own day was then possible. The vast majority of the population lived all their lives in the provinces. Newspapers were few and far between. News took a long time to make its way from London. Country folk took a deep interest in the price of cattle, in the doings of the local gentry, in the occasional festivities of the county town. A general election meant free beer for all, and an addition to their incomes for the very limited number of voters on the register. But about the deeds and misdeeds of ministers and "Parliament-men" the mass of the people cared little. Even in London itself accurate political information was the privilege of the few. The House of Commons bitterly resented any regular attempt to report its debates, and the accounts thereof which found their way to the general public were due mainly to the imaginative talent of a few hack-writers. When Captain Booth is arrested for debt he meets one of these gentlemen in Mr. Bondum's sponging-house. The latter seems to have been a man of very great genius, and his "Parliament speeches" greatly impressed the bailiff. "He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure it is as if one was in the Parliament-house, — it is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England." Captain Booth subsequently has an interview with this great author who explains his art with ludicrous candor. "A sheet is a sheet with the booksellers," says he, "and whether it be in prose or verse they make no difference. . . . Rhymes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, sir. I have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet than I have been in writing a speech on the side of the opposition which

hath been read with great applause all over the kingdom." Booth expresses his astonishment, and says he thought that the speeches published in the magazines had been made by the members themselves. Nothing of the sort! "The best," cries the indignant author, "are all the productions of my own pen!"

Knowledge of foreign politics was rigidly confined to a few special circles; any ordinary person who essayed the subject was marked down as a standing butt for the derision of his fellows. In Fielding's play, "The Coffee-house Politician," a specimen of the class is presented under the name of Mr. Politic. He assiduously reads all the newspapers, from which he culls such precious items as the following from the *Lying Post*: "Berlin, January 20th. We hear daily murmurs here concerning certain measures taken by a certain Northern potentate; but cannot certainly learn either who that potentate is, or what are the measures which he hath taken; meantime we are well assured that time will bring them all to light." Mr. Politic cannot sleep at night owing to vague statements in similar prints regarding the preparations of the Turks. "Suppose we should see Turkish galleys in the Channel! We may feel them in the midst of our security. Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we!" On another occasion he discusses the affairs of Italy with his friend Mr. Dabble, but without arriving at any very definite result, for while one of them maintains that Tuscany is a country, the other is as sure that it is a town.

English society at that time was aristocratic to the core. The sentiment of local loyalty was very strong; and the tenants of the eighteenth-century magnate voted Whig or Tory according to his directions, as readily as the tenants of the fifteenth-century magnate had risen at their lord's bidding in the name of Lancaster or York. But Fielding and Smollett write as the bitter champions of a dissatisfied section, conscious of their ability, yet unable to show it for want of influence. They

picture the governing aristocracy as steeped in cynicism and corruption, as careless of the destinies of the country, and intent solely on the diversion of its revenues into their own pockets. In "Amelia" (written in 1751 during the Pelham ministry) Doctor Harrison is represented as paying a visit to a certain Whig peer, a member of the government. The conversation happens to turn upon the state of England. His lordship declares that, in these days, it is impossible to govern save by corruption. Dr. Harrison answers that, if this be so, the fate of England is sealed. To his astonishment the peer expresses no surprise. The state, he says, like the natural body has its seasons of youth, manhood, and decay. England has now reached the last of these periods; and "such indeed is its misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with unconcern at his approaching dissolution." The doctor is horrified, and wonders how any patriot can endure to live. But this is by no means his lordship's opinion. "Why hang myself, Doctor!" he retorts. "Would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of your time, and the most you can in such a nation?"

In "Humphrey Clinker," published in 1770, but seemingly written about 1766, we get Smollett's own opinion of the great. During the Rockingham ministry Squire Bramble attends a levée at St. James's, and a reception at the Duke of Newcastle's, then privy seal. Not a single statesman of the time is mentioned save in terms of contempt or vituperation. To despise the Duke of Newcastle, whose ignorance, stupidity, and loquacity had yet not prevented his being a revered Whig leader for thirty years, was easy. But Lord Chatham, one of the noblest characters in English history, is spoken of as the great political bully and the grand pensionary. Charles Townshend is described as having more brains than the rest of the administration put together. "But it must be owned," says one of the characters, through whom

Smollett himself is speaking, "he wants courage . . . There is no faith to be given to his assertions and no trust to be put in his promises. However, to give the devil his due, he is very good-natured; and even friendly when close urged in the way of solicitation. As for principle, that's out of the question." And Smollett's criticism is not confined to members of one political faction. His view is that of his favorite character, Matthew Bramble, who, when canvassed at an election, answers that both candidates are of a piece with one another, and that he would be a traitor to his country if he voted for either.

The writings of Fielding and Smollett cover a period of Whig supremacy extending from the accession of Walpole to the dismissal of Newcastle by George the Third. They show that the Whigs had not been able to escape the bad effects which a too long duration of power must have on any party. During their supremacy they had assiduously fostered Parliamentary corruption, sinecure offices, and administrative nepotism. The party itself had degenerated into a gang of self-seeking place-hunters. It had no principles and no head. The elder Pitt, whose adhesion had given it an enormous accession of credit during the latter years of George the Second, had always gloried in his contempt for party distinctions. His allegiance was to England, not to the Whigs. With the accession of a strong-willed and popular sovereign in the person of George the Third, the whole fabric so carefully built up by the Whig magnates collapsed. "This trade of politics is a rascally business," said the new king, "it is a trade for a scoundrel, not for a gentleman." "He had only himself to thank," remarks a modern Whig writer. So far from this being the case, one is astonished that George did not take greater advantage of his position. He no sooner held up his hand, than half the Whig party rushed over to his side, struggling with one another as to who should be first in the race of servitude. Henry Fox, who had made

one fortune by plundering his country in the name of the Whig houses under George the Second, was only too glad to make another by plundering it in the name of the crown under George the Third. The Whig party was doomed, and its leaders had prepared the way for their own downfall.

From The Nineteenth Century.
RECENT SCIENCE.

I.

At the opening of the present winter session of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin found the opportunity for summing up, in a short, meaningful address, our present knowledge of the substance of electrical phenomena. He mentioned, in the first place, as an important scientific event of the year, the publication, both in German and in English, of a volume containing the different memoirs of Professor Hertz, with a full account of the researches which have brought the Berlin professor to an experimental demonstration of electromagnetic waves; and, in order to show the importance of this discovery, Lord Kelvin passed in review the opinions which have been current since Newton's time till nowadays about the transmission of energy through space. Then he boldly sketched the new horizons which are being opened by so many brilliant experimenters in this country, through their researches into the transmission of the electrical discharge in vacuum tubes. In these researches lie his hopes for further important steps towards understanding the relations between ether and ponderable matter, and the part played by both in the transmission of electricity. So we cannot do better than follow Lord Kelvin's hints and, reverting to the explorers themselves, cast a glance upon what they have done in that domain.

Many physicists have worked since in the same direction as Hertz, only to confirm, by a great variety of experiments, the conclusions arrived at by the discoverer of the electro-magnetic

waves. It is now fully proved that electricity does not cross space without affecting the intervening medium ; not more than any other form of energy can it be transmitted through an absolute vacuum which contains no matter. As Maxwell foretold, an electrical discharge produces a certain disturbance in the surrounding ether ; its energy is stored, so to say, in the ether, and it is transmitted through it, from spot to spot, just as the undulations of molecules of water spread in the shape of a wave over the surface of a pond. We do not yet know what sort of disturbance, or strain, is produced by electricity in ether, and we only suppose, with a great degree of probability, that the molecules of ether are set vibrating across the line of propagation of electro-magnetic energy ; that they enter into undulations, similar to those produced by light ; but if we do not know the substance of the disturbance, we can follow it as it moves through space, at the same speed as light ; and we can reflect it, refract it, polarize it, and make two waves interfere, exactly as if they were waves of luminous vibrations.

Fully granting, however, that ether is the medium through which electricity is propagated, we have still to face the question as to whether the electric disturbances do not affect ponderable matter as well. In other words, when we send an electro-magnetic wave across the room, and produce vibrations of the molecules of ether, or provoke any other disturbance among them, do the molecules of *air* which fill the room take no part in those vibrations or disturbances ? To this question Lord Kelvin, in accordance with Hertz and most physicists, decisively answers that the magnetic wave is "chiefly a motion of ether, with a comparatively small but not inconsiderable loading by fringes of ponderable molecules carried with it."¹ And he invites physicists to persevere in their researches into the torrents of *ponderable* matter (the one affected by gravitation)

which are carried off by the electric discharge in a vacuum tube, in order to finally understand the electrification of matter, and the attractions and repulsions of electrified bodies.

We all know what a vacuum or Geissler tube is : a glass tube sealed at both its ends, after air has been exhausted from it as much as possible, and having two metallic electrodes passed through the glass. Of course, the air, or any other gas, which fills the tube before we exhaust it is never pumped out entirely, and a small residue of it always remains ; we cannot obtain an absolute vacuum, but with our modern pumps we can bring the air in the tube to an extremely rarefied state. It is evident also that some arrangement can easily be made to exhaust the gas, more or less, during the experiments. In such an exhausted tube an electric discharge passed from one wire to the other produces, as is well known, beautiful luminous phenomena ; and it is in the study of these phenomena, busily prosecuted since Faraday's time, which opens a new, wide, and fascinating domain in the province of electrical science.

As early as 1871 Cromwell Fleetwood Varley had described in this country the leading features of an electrical discharge in the vacuum tube, and had indicated the part which the residual gas plays in the production of luminous effects.

The luminous cloud which appears in the tube, as soon as the current has attained a certain intensity, "is composed," he wrote, "of *attenuated particles of matter projected* from the negative pole by electricity in all directions."² An electro-magnet acts upon that stream of particles ; it gathers it into an arch, and can attract it. And when Varley placed a thin plate of talc in the way of the stream, he saw the talc intercepting it ; a small luminous cloud was formed on the side of the talc which was bombarded by the molecules of the stream, while a "shadow" — that is, a space protected from the bombardment — was apparent behind

¹ Opening address at the Royal Society, *Nature*, December 7, 1893, xlix, 137.

² Proceedings of the Royal Society, xix, (1870-71), 239.

the little screen. The material character of the electrical discharge and the actual transport of matter by electricity were thus fully demonstrated in Varley's short paper, which, nevertheless, for many years remained quite unnoticed.

Further and considerable advance was made when the same subject was taken up in this country by Crookes, De la Rue, Spottiswoode and Moulton, Fleming, Schuster and J. J. Thomson. After having studied for a time the mechanical work of light, which was rendered evident by the radiometer,¹ Mr. Crookes devoted his attention to the phenomena indicated by Varley. Availing himself of modern progress in mechanical appliances, he obtained such an exhaustion of the vacuum tube as to leave in it but a few millionth parts of the air which it would contain under ordinary atmospheric pressure; and, armed with this new means of research, which permitted him to much simplify the phenomena under his observation, Mr. Crookes soon accumulated a vast amount of most important facts. He proved that the electrical excitation of the negative terminal of the vacuum tube produces a molecular disturbance which affects the surface of the terminal, and this disturbance is communicated to the slight residue of rarefied gas which remains in the tube. A real torrent of molecules of the gas then rebounds from the surface of the pole, in a direction always normal to that surface, whatever its shape may be;² and the velocity of the gas molecules, which varies with the degree of exhaustion of the tube and the intensity of the current, attains from one to two miles in the second. A mica plate, placed in the path of the torrent, acts as a screen, producing the above-mentioned "shadow," and a tiny radiometer, placed behind the mica plate, remains at a standstill; but it begins rapidly to rotate as soon as it is half

in and half out the shadow.³ In fact, the torrent of molecules is so "material" that a magnet exercises upon it a powerful effect; it curves the trajectories of the molecules, just as the earth's gravitation curves the trajectory of a ball fired from a gun (p. 161). Prosecuting his experiments still further, Mr. Crookes demonstrated also that the phosphorescent glow of the glass in the tube is not produced by the molecules themselves, but by their shocks against the glass, or against any other body introduced into the tube; they impart sufficient energy to the surface of the glass to render it luminous, as also to raise its temperature; but the gas molecules are not the lamps in this case—the glow of the glass only testifies to the existence of the streams of material particles which run off the negative pole and strike the glass.

It is known that Mr. Crookes saw in these facts a further confirmation of his ideas about a fourth—"ultra-gaseous or molecular"—state of matter; but Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton, who have worked in the same field, have already shown that the facts observed by Crookes do not call for so wide a generalization.⁴ The molecular streams in the vacuum tubes, they maintain, are of the same kind as (though not exactly analogous to) the so-called electrical wind, produced by particles of air driven off from the pointed terminal of an electric machine; they are not specific to extremely rarefied matter. The high vacuum obtained in the tubes only facilitates the driving off of the gas particles by less violent discharges than those required to produce similar phenomena in the air under ordinary atmospheric pressure. In short, we need not in the least speculate about an ultra-gaseous condition of matter, because the streams of particles do not show any peculiar state which would widely differ from the ordinary gaseous state in its physical qualities, and especially in the length of the paths covered

¹ Philosophical Transactions, vol. clxiv., clxv., clxvi., clxix., clxx.

² The same facts have also been previously ascertained by Hittorf and Goldstein (Sitzungsberichte der preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, 1876).

³ Bakerian lecture and subsequent paper in Philosophical Transactions, clxx. (1879), 179 and 641.

⁴ Philosophical Transactions, clxx. (1879), 165; and clxxi. (1880), 561 *sq.*

by the molecules before colliding with other molecules; the electrified residual gas of the vacuum tube fully obeys the general laws of the kinetic theory of gases (p. 581).

It would not be possible to sum up in these pages the conclusive facts upon which Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton base their assertion that there is nothing in the phenomenon of phosphorescence which might entitle us to suppose that the ordinary gaseous laws suffer any modification in high vacua; still less could we analyze here the many important data collected in their two memoirs. But there is one fact which requires a special mention. It was long since known that not only molecules of air are driven off in torrents from the negative pole of the vacuum tube, but that metallic particles, if they are lying loose upon the pole, also are transported with the torrent, in spite of their great specific gravity. Moreover, particles of the electrodes themselves are torn off and carried away in the gaseous stream—the arc lamp being a well-known illustration of the fact, as its very light is due to the incandescent particles of carbon transported from one electrode to the other. Now, Spottiswoode and Moulton have demonstrated that there is no essential difference between the gaseous stream and the stream of solid particles driven from the electrodes. Both are parts of the same transport of ponderable matter by electricity, although it is still very difficult to determine what is the real function of the stream of solid particles.¹

Mr. Crookes has lately made this subject a matter of special studies, and here also he has come to striking and important results.² It appears that the passage of a current through water, or even through a solid, sets the superficial molecules of both into so rapid a motion that some of them come out of

the sphere of attraction of the mass—just as they do in common evaporation—and fly off with the stream of gaseous molecules proceeding from the negative pole; and as they fly off at probably the same speed of one or two miles per second, they are projected with such a force against any object which they meet near the pole that they strongly adhere to it. Not only water and easily volatilized solids are “evaporated” in this way, but even silver and platinum, which require an intense heat to tear away from them their molecules, are made to evaporate by a very moderate amount of negative electrification. When the exhaustion of the vacuum tube is brought to about one-millionth of an atmosphere, the silver pole has moreover the appearance of being red hot, and it really is red hot, but only in its very superficial layer, which rapidly evaporates. Silver, gold, platinum, copper, nickel, and so on, are easily volatilized in this way, and they go to coat with their thin films the walls of the glass tubes, the whole phenomenon going on, for some reason unknown, in the very superficial layer of the metallic electrode. Here, again, we thus enter into a domain where the facts become simply incomprehensible with our present theories of the constitution of matter. In this department, too, some new departure must be made in order that our theories may embody all the data lately accumulated by observation.

In fact, in all the preceding experiments we saw the particles projected by electricity at a great speed from the negative terminal of the vacuum tube; and the behavior of these streams towards the magnet, their sensitiveness to the approach of any conductor,³ as well as many other facts, prove that the molecules are electrified by the discharge. But what does an electrified molecule mean? What progress are we making when for the electrified body we substitute the electrified molecules of which it is composed? Professor J. J. Thomson and Mr. Arthur

¹ See also Professor Fleming's researches on the influence of the heating of the electrode on the electric discharge, in *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xlvii. (1889-90), 118, and Hittorf's previous researches, quoted in that paper.

² “On Electrical Evaporation,” in *Proceedings*, l. (1891), 88.

³ It has been investigated in detail in the above-mentioned memoirs of Spottiswoode and Moulton.

Schuster¹ have attempted to answer these questions by representing the electrified molecule as dissociated into one positively and another negatively charged portions. But, useful as this hypothesis undoubtedly is as a working hypothesis for co-ordinating a great number of facts, it suggests no concrete idea as to what is going on in the molecule. All we can say, under our present ignorance of the molecular structure, is that electrification undoubtedly produces some changes of an unknown character within the molecule itself. To these changes, and to the inter-action of the atoms within the molecule, further investigation must turn now its attention in order to attain a deeper insight into the nature of electrical phenomena, including those recently brought to the front by Nikola Tesla,² the facts remaining in the mean time disconnected so long as the final goal has not been attained. One great point has, however, been won by all the just-mentioned investigations, in addition to what we have learned from Hertz: we know that the medium for transmitting electricity is ether *and* ponderable matter. We are brought to consider the matter and the ether in contact with it as moving together. "Without the molecules there would be no current," Lord Kelvin said the other day; and the idea begins to grow in science that the molecule contains both what we call ponderable matter and what we call ether. In that direction seems to lie the cue to further progress.

II.

A REVIVAL of interest in the glacial period is a conspicuous feature in geological research at the present time. Bulky scientific memoirs, short, de-

scriptive papers, and important works for the general reader are now devoted to this subject, and we see the time coming when this remarkable period of the earth's history, which has so much impressed its stamp upon the present physical aspects of our continents, the actual distribution of floras and faunas, as well as upon the earlier history of mankind, will, at last, be properly understood by both geologists and all educated men.³

Some thirty years ago glacial research was also in full swing. But at that time we knew little about the physical properties of ice, and the unfortunate polemics waged by Tyndall against James Forbes's views exercised the most deplorable effect upon the newly inaugurated studies. The brilliant experimenter and lecturer succeeded in casting a doubt upon Forbes's views on the plasticity of ice, and the result was not a move in a new direction, as happens in science when a polemic promotes new ideas, but simply a standstill. "If ice is not plastic enough to overflow continents, what becomes of the glacial theory? It must be nothing but a gross exaggeration!" Such was the opinion which gained currency in consequence of the polemics.⁴

¹ James Geikie's "The Great Ice Age," of which a new edition is forthcoming, as also his "Fragments of Earth Lore" (Edinburgh, 1893), and "Prehistoric Europe," and G. Fred. Wright's "The Ice Age in North America" (New York, 1889) are the best works for the general reader; also Falsan's "La Période Glaciaire."

² The question of plasticity of solids offers a great interest for the physicist: to wit, the researches of Tresca, which have led to that engineering feat, the metallic tubes obtained by pressure without soldering, and the theoretical considerations upon this subject by James Thomson and Sir William Thomson. It involves an important question of molecular physics — namely, by what mechanism pressure exerted upon a solid body, at a temperature remote from its melting point, weakens the bands between its molecules, and makes them glide upon each other in obedience to the laws of flowing liquids. But Tyndall never did so much as to approach this question. Contrarily to all evidence in favor of the "flowing of solids," and following the old track of Hopkins, he continued to deal with ice as if only temporary *elastic* changes of form take place in it. The fallacy of this view was exposed at the time by Canon Moseley, Matthews, J. Ball, Whewell and Helmholtz, and later on by Tresca, Saint Venant, Pfaff, Bianconi, and Main. As to Tyndall's own experi-

¹ J. J. Thomson, in Proceedings of the Royal Society, xlix. (1891), 83, and *Philosophical Magazine*, August, 1890; A. Schuster, Bakerian Lecture on the "Discharge of Electricity through Gases," in Proceedings, xlvii. (1890), 526; also xxxvii. 317, and xlii. 371, and British Association Reports, Edinburgh.

² See his brilliant lecture before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia on February 24, 1893, in *Nature*, June 8, 1893, xlviii. 136.

Happily enough, the geologists of both the Continent and America, as well as a few geologists in this country, continued nevertheless their own work in the field. They explored the regions which bear traces of glaciation, and during the last thirty years they have accumulated overwhelming evidence to prove the extension of ice-caps over the now temperate zones of the globe; and now they come forward with such a formidable array of facts in support of their views that their opponents of old have only to bow before their verdict. In fact, with a few honorable exceptions, the field geologists who have themselves worked in the once glaciated areas are with the glacialists; while their opponents are chiefly recruited among those who, like Mr. Howorth, may have read a good deal, but have not had a chance of exploring any glaciated region in detail.

By the same time the physical properties of ice have become better known. We know that although ice, glass, pitch, and so on, taken at temperatures remote from their melting points, are very brittle when sudden changes of form are inflicted upon them, they nevertheless behave like plastic bodies if their forms are altered but slowly. We break a glass rod when we sharply bend it; but if the rod be left for months with its two ends lying upon two supports, it acquires a permanent bend, without the slightest crack occurring in the glass. Its molecules slowly glide upon each other, and they re-ad-

ments, in which he used to crush ice into small pieces and make them coalesce in a new form by regelation, they have as little to do with the plasticity of ice as the tearing of a metal into a fine powder, followed by pressing the powder into a solid lump in a new shape, would have to do with the just-mentioned moulding of iron tubes by means of the liquid "flow" of the solid without any break of continuity of the mass. This fundamental error explains all his subsequent mistakes relative to "viscosity," the "incapacity of ice of supporting stresses," his exaggeration of the importance of Hopkins's formula (notwithstanding Whewell's warnings), and many others. As to the capability of ice-blocks of being elongated by stress, it was proved, as soon as it was tested by experiment—that is, indirectly in the plank experiments, and directly by J. F. Main. (Proceedings of the Royal Society, xlii., 1887, 491).

just themselves so as to give a new curved shape to the rod.¹ In similar conditions the same happens with a stick of sealing-wax, and (engineers knew it long since) with a bar of steel, or with a slab of granite. The same is also true of ice. An ice plank acquires a similar permanent bend if it is left to itself, with its two ends reposing on two supports;² it behaves like a plastic body.

True, such changes of form are very slow—though rapid enough to explain the motion of glaciers—but pressure increases their speed. Tresca,³ of the French Academy, has proved by his beautiful and varied experiments that under a certain pressure all solids "flow" like liquids, and that their molecules obey in such cases the laws of the motion of liquids. A block of lead, or of steel, or of ice, placed in a cylinder and pressed upon, is made to flow out of a hole in the cylinder exactly as a jet of water. It remains a solid all the time, but its molecules, whose paths are rendered visible by a special arrangement, are seen to have acquired a certain freedom of motion, and to flow in the very same way as molecules of water flow from a hole in a pail. A cube of lead, steel, stone, or ice, placed on a solid surface, submitted to a sufficient pressure or loaded with a sufficient weight, "flows" sideways just as if it were a block of plastic clay. The only difference is that clay flows under its own weight, while steel requires an immense pressure in order to "flow" in its solid state. As to ice, it stands between the two—much nearer, of course, to the former than to the latter, if both are taken at ordinary temperatures. A thickness of a few hundred feet, or a corresponding load,

¹ Poncelet quotes such an instance in his "Introduction à la Mécanique Industrielle, Physique ou Expérimentale," 3e éd., annotée par Kretz. Paris, 1870, p. 319.

² W. Mathews, in *Nature*, vol. i., March 24, 1870; Canou Moseley, in *Philosophical Magazine*, xlii. (1871), 146; and many subsequent experiments.

³ H. Tresca, "Mémoire sur l'Ecoulement des Corps Solides," in *Recueil des Mémoires présentés par les Savants étrangers*, vol. xviii. An excellent summary of Tresca's work in Morin's "Rapport" (*Comptes Rendus*, lxx, 1870).

would be quite sufficient to make it "flow," though remaining solid, even over a quite horizontal floor, and to behave in its spreading over the floor like a lump of plastic mud, provided its temperature is but a few degrees below zero. This is the net result of Tresca's epoch-making experiments on "the flowing of solids" under pressure, and these experiments have been fully confirmed as regards ice by the experiments of Helmholtz, Pfaff, and especially those of the Bologna professor, Bianconi.¹ On the other side the glaciers of Greenland, whose inner structure may occasionally be seen in certain crevices, are splendid illustrations of the wonderful plasticity acquired by ice under a powerful pressure.² The correctness of Forbes's views on the motion of glaciers has thus been fully confirmed.

The bearing of these researches upon the glacial theory is self-evident. If the climate of a continent is such that the full amount of snow which falls over it during the winter cannot be removed by thawing during the summer, snow must accumulate from year to year over that continent. The snow's own weight, when it has attained a certain thickness, and the water which percolates it, will gradually transform it into ice; but, as soon as the ice has attained the thickness of a few hundred feet, it will gradually be thrust out on all sides. It cannot be piled up to an indefinite height; the cohesion of its molecules will soon yield to pressure, and it will "flow," as an Alpine glacier flows. It will slowly invade the continent, even if the surface of the latter be quite horizontal. It will spread, like a mass of semi-liquid lava, moulding itself upon the asperities of the surface, always following, like water, the directions of least resistance; and if it finds its way barred by a range of hills, it will creep up hill, so long as the

upper surface of the whole mass has not become almost quite horizontal. Though moving so much slower than water, the ice-mass behaves nevertheless like a lake which fills up and overflows its basin.

All this may appear, of course, rather strange to those who see a gulf between liquids and solids, but for the engineer and the physicist that gulf does not exist; for them the difference between the two states of nature is only one of degree in the mobility of the molecules. It only need be added that ice maintains its plasticity even if its temperature is ten or twenty degrees below zero, but becomes more and more plastic as its temperature approaches the melting point. As to the water which results from its superficial thawing, and which percolates the ice even in the high latitudes of Greenland, it undoubtedly contributes to both a direct increase of the ice's plasticity as well as to make its temperature approach zero.³ However, even in the midst of an Arctic winter, the ice-cap of North Greenland continues to thrust out immense glaciers through the valleys of the coast-ridge, and those glaciers, as well as those of Alaska, flow with a rapidity which is never attained by even the largest glaciers of the Alps during a warm summer. A great pressure acts as a compensation for a low temperature. The great objection to the glacial theory, which was based on the supposed non-plasticity of ice, has thus been entirely removed by both experiment in the laboratory and observation of nature.

Twenty years ago, when some geologists maintained that large parts of Europe and America had once been invaded by an immense ice-cap, their assertions could be treated as a hypothesis only. In fact, they were only based upon a rapid examination of the glacial deposits.⁴ But now that the

¹ Helmholtz, in *Populär-wissenschaftliche Vorträge*, vol. I.; Pfaff, in *Foggendorff's Annalen*, Bd. civ. (1875), 169; Bianconi, "Esperienze intorno alla flessibilità del ghiaccio," in *Memorie della Accademia di Bologna*, 1871, ser. III. t. I. 155.

² See, for instance, Drygalski's recent photographs.

³ Drygalski's last year's researches in Greenland established this last fact above any doubt.

⁴ In 1874 Friedrich Schmidt and myself were the only two Russian geologists who ventured the hypothesis that the boulder clay of Russia has been deposited by an ice-sheet, and Fr. Schmidt did not yet venture to admit the extension of the Scandi-

most detailed geological surveys have been carried on for years in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Russia, and the States, and that special attention has been given to the careful study of the northern drift which covers these countries, the boundaries of the Quaternary ice-caps have been traced on geological maps with as much accuracy as the boundaries of any aqueous formation. It is now certain that an immense ice-sheet once covered the whole of northern and middle Europe. It extended over these isles, filled the North Sea, and covered northern France and Belgium. It crept from Scandinavia over Denmark and Germany, reaching Saxony and Galicia. It flowed south-eastwards over Finland and north Russia, the Baltic provinces and Moscow, nearly reaching as far south as Kieff in the west, and the fiftieth degree of latitude further east. It is evident, moreover, that such a colossal refrigerator could not but exercise a cooling influence farther south. So the Vosges, the central plateau of France, the Black Forest mountains, the whole of the Alps, the Carpathians, the Balkans, the Caucasus, and the Sierra Nevada in Spain, were carrying mighty glaciers which crept down such valleys as are now clothed with vineyards or rose-gardens. Even the mountains of north Africa bear traces of glaciers which filled some of their valleys at that time.¹

navian ice farther than the Valdai plateau. Now its extension, almost as far as Kieff, is a fact fully established by the Geological Survey and accepted on the survey maps. It is worthy of note that at that time Barbot-de-Marny was alone in saying that so little is known about the boulder clay that it would be better to study it before asserting that it is not of terrestrial origin. All others did not hesitate to make the assertion. This is the history of the glacial researches all over.

¹ Copious bibliographical indications as to the countless researches upon which the above assertions are based will be found, in English, in the above-named works of James Geikie and Fred. Wright. The geological surveys are, of course, the best source of information; from the booklets and maps of the *Sveriges geologiska undersökning* one learns more about all questions connected with glaciation than from hundreds of isolated papers. So, also, from the surveys of Germany, Russia, and Switzerland. The works of Credner for Germany, J. Siemiradzki and G. Berendt for Poland (Zeit-

With Asia, we enter into a yet unexplored domain, and for immense portions of the continent we know nothing, either in favor of or against its glaciation. One thing seems, however, certain: the lowlands of north-west Siberia, which hardly attain altitudes of one and two hundred feet above the sea, have not been invaded by the ice-cap; undoubtedly they were covered to a large extent by the Arctic Ocean. In the swamps which surrounded its shores perished the mammoths, when cold and ice compelled them to leave the highlands of the south and to seek for more genial abodes in the low, marshy grounds of the north. As to the High Plateau of Asia, which stretches north-eastwards, as an immense triangle having its basis in the Himalayas and its summit at the Behring Strait, those parts of it which have been better studied (especially in and about the gold mines) bear unmistakable traces of having been covered with thick masses of ice.² So also the border-ridges of the High Plateau, the Himalayas, the Tian-shan, the Altai, the Sayan, the Great Khingan, and so on. With these few data, the only plausible hypothesis is that all those portions of the High Plateau which rise above two thousand feet in the north, above three thousand feet in the east of Lake Baikal, five thousand feet in its middle parts, and above a still higher but yet unknown level farther south, were covered with ice. The remainder is *terra incognita* in this respect, and the want of definite knowledge can be supplanted by no amount of imagination.

schrift der deutschen geologischen Gesellschaft, xlii., 1891, 756), Ed. Brückner ("Die Vergletscherung des Salzachgebietes," in Penck's Abhandlungen, i.), Penck for the Pyrenees ("Die Eiszeit in den Pyrenäen," Wien, 1884) and German Alps (in Leopoldina, Halle, 1885), Van Capelle for Holland (summed up in *Annuaire Géologique*, t. vii, 1890), Du Pasquier for Swiss alluvium (Beiträge zur geol. Karte der Schweiz xxxi.), Falsan for France, and Dinik for Caucasia (Zapiski of the Caucasian Geographical Society), deserve a special mention.

² Obrucheff, in *Izvestia of the East Siberian Geographical Society*, the present writer in "Olekma and Vitim Expedition," in *Memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society*, vol. iii.; Syeverstoff's *Orography of Tian-shan* (Russian), etc.

In America, we again tread upon a sure ground. The monumental labors of the United States Geological Survey, summed up in an admirable book by Professor Wright, leave no doubt as to the real limits of the North American ice-cap—at least, as regards the plains and lowlands of the great continent.¹ It covered the whole of Canada and the northern states, attaining the forty-eighth degree of latitude on the Pacific coast, and the thirty-eighth degree (i.e., the latitude of Lisbon) in the valley of the Mississippi. It undoubtedly ploughed what is now the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean about New York, and most probably joined in the north with the ice-cap of Greenland. This is well known; but it must also be said that the American geologists have not simply traced in a rough way the limits of their ice-mantle; they have carefully studied the various traces which the ice has left both during its advance and its retreat, its effects in modifying the channels of the great lines of drainage of the continent, and a great number of connected questions.²

¹ The Ice Age in North America. Doubts may only be entertained as regard the extension of glaciation of the High Plateau. Here the data seem to be less uncertain.

² While quite certain as to the extent of glaciation, geologists are not yet fixed as to its duration. Several of the best authorities (J. Geikie, Penck, and Brückner) are of the opinion that the glacial period consisted of two, or may be three portions. The ice invaded first the above area, then it retreated, and Europe and America became covered to a great extent with a vegetation testifying to, at least, as warm a climate as the present one; then came, again, a second, or, perhaps, also a third, advance of immense masses of ice. On the other side, other geologists (Prof. Prestwich and Fred. Wright are of their number) do not admit such a recurrence of glacial and interglacial periods. It would be out of place to enter here into a discussion of that wide subject; but I must confess that, after having given attention to the subject, I do not feel convinced by the arguments of the first school. The immense oscillations of the fringe of a vast ice-sheet (of which we see but relatively small though still large-scale illustrations in Greenland) might account for the formation of the layers, which have been described as interglacial, and the considerable changes which must occur in the directions of the flow of a large ice-sheet may account for the crossing of striae and erratics, as well as for the appearance of interglacial beds. As to the undoubtedly existing differences between the two layers of boulder clay, the facts I observed in Finland and Sweden induced me to look for an explanation of the same in the differences between

As to the southern hemisphere, we have no detailed surveys to rely safely upon. However, we know that there are traces of an extensive glaciation in the Tierra del Fuego and in Patagonia; that New Zealand has had much greater glaciers than it has now, and that the Antarctic continent is still covered with an ice-cap which is very much wider and thicker than that of Greenland; while the glaciation of Tasmania is just now under discussion.

And, finally, several explorers maintain that there are traces of old, mighty glaciers in certain parts of tropical America. For instance, leaving aside the more doubtful and contested facts, it may be said that the glaciers of the Andes really went down in their valleys some two thousand feet lower than they do at the present time, or even more. Such is, in a very rapid outline, the state of our present knowledge in this respect.³

III.

If the glacial theory were only based upon what we know of the action of glaciers and ice-caps upon the rocks, the character of glacial deposits which bear on their face the testimony of never having been transported by flowing water, and the arrangement of these deposits into ridges which cannot be the work of water—in short, upon facts of dynamical geology only—it would already rest upon a solid basis. But it also has in its support an array of paleontological facts which directly prove the coldness of the climate at the time when the great ice-cap began to retreat from the now temperate zone; and it is supported, moreover,

the bottom and the interior moraine of an ice-cap. At any rate, one may be permitted to suspend his judgment in so difficult a question.

³ I take the following two facts on the authority of Professor Brückner. Sievers (*Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde*, Bd. 23, 1888) saw in South America, in latitude 10° S., traces of an ancient depression of the snow-line from fourteen hundred to one thousand six hundred and fifty feet; and Hettner (*Verhandlungen of the same society*, 1889, pp. 160 and 276) has found in the Andes, in 16° S. latitude, around Lake Titicaca, traces of a great glaciation and of a still greater depression of the snow-line.

by all the knowledge, recently obtained, as regards the post-glacial times.

Already, in 1846, E. Forbes had ventured the suggestion that the close resemblance which exists between the Arctic flora and the floras of the highest summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas, is due to the fact that there was a time when the lowlands of middle Europe were entirely covered with an Arctic or sub-Arctic vegetation, which has been since circumscribed to the upper highlands. His suggestion is now fully confirmed by the many years' researches of the Swedish geologist, Nathorst, as well as by Nehring's researches into the post-glacial flora and fauna. Nathorst, who has made a specialty of this subject, has really proved that over the whole of the area which was once glaciated in Europe there are numerous relics of a sub-Arctic vegetation. He has explored Sweden, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia for that special purpose, and everywhere he has unearthed, from above the morainic deposits of the ice-cap, patches of clay and peat-bog containing relics of the Arctic dwarf species of birch and willow, together with other species which are characteristic at the present time of the *Toundras* of the far north, or grow on the edges of the Arctic glaciers. In fact, these beds are quite similar to those which are now in formation on the edges of the glaciers of Spitzbergen and Greenland. It is thus evident that while the great ice-cap was slowly retreating towards the North, a *tundra* vegetation followed in its steps, and that Europe offered at that time the aspects which we now meet with on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.¹

Nehring's researches into the post-glacial flora and fauna of Europe further confirm and supplement Nathorst's discoveries. He, too, has studied the fossil relics from that period, and his conclusion is that, after the retreat of the ice, Europe was covered, first, by

immense toundras, and by steppes afterwards. The climate of Europe during the steppe period must have been, he says, more dry and more continental than it is now; because the remains of that period contain such Arctic animals as the lemming, together with mammals which now inhabit the steppes on the Volga.² Nehring's theory has been met with a good deal of adverse criticism; but this criticism was partly called for by a slight exaggeration in his first conclusions, and chiefly by a misconception of the word "steppe." In western Europe the word "steppe" awakes an idea of dry deserts, while in reality, for the inhabitants of the steppes themselves, it is synonymous with "prairies" and "pampas." It implies a gently undulating land, covered with steppe grasses, but not entirely treeless. What the Russian botanists call "the steppe-and-forest zone" of southern middle Russia, where the groves of forest and the prairie are at struggle with each other, would better answer to the facts established by Nehring. It must also be borne in mind that large extensions of prairie land do not necessarily imply a rainless climate, such as prevails in central Asian deserts. Thus the Baraba Steppe is dotted with numberless lakes, and the rainfall in the steppe, as well as in those of south Russia, varies from fourteen to twenty inches. Nehring's idea is thus so far correct as it implies that the toundras which covered middle Europe after the retreat of the ice-sheet were but gradually invaded by forests, and that in the mean time large spaces remained treeless. It appears very probable indeed that while the low and flat water-partings, loaded with clayey morainic *débris*, became clothed in swampy forests, similar to those of the *urmans* of the Obi and Irtysh, there remained broad spaces covered with more permeable glacial or fluvio-glacial deposits which assumed the aspects of prairies. At the present day we may see the

¹ Nathorst has himself summed up his researches in *Nature*, xlv. (1892), 273, in a paper illustrated by a map. See also M. Staub on the ice-age flora of Hungary (Neues Jahrbuch der Mineralogie, 1893, i.).

² Ueber Tundren und Steppen in der Jetzt- und Vorzeit. Berlin, 1890.

same, even in the wet climate of the Amur region, in the prairies of the Bureya and Zeya.

And, finally, we have sure proofs of myriads of lakes having covered Europe and north Asia, as well as North America, during the post-glacial period. What we now see in the lake-regions of Finland, Canada, north-west Russia, and the northern portions of the High Plateau of Asia, was the general aspect of the country. Wherever we explore it we find traces of myriads and myriads of lakes of all possible sizes. Shallow, elongated basins had been excavated in the rocky plateaus by the ice-plough; many old channels of drainage had been silted by morainic deposits, and flowing water had then to burrow new channels, in the same way as it does now in Finland, where we see the future rivers formed out of chains of gradually elongating lakes.

Very slow at its beginnings, the desiccation of these lakes is now going on at a speed which few geologists would have admitted some thirty years ago. They dry up under our very eyes. Even in the relatively wet climate of west Siberia, we can follow the desiccation of the lakes of the Chany group upon maps which are less than eighty years old, and see how villages have grown upon what was the bottom of lakes half a century ago. But in eastern Siberia and central Asia desiccation goes on even more rapidly than that. The Caspian Sea has separated from Lake Aral during the post-glacial period, and their intermittent connection through the Sarykamysh brackish lakes is of a still more recent date; while the large Aibughir gulf of Lake Aral has entirely disappeared since 1821.

In short, we may safely conclude that the glacial age was followed by a swamp, or tundra, period, which was followed in its turn by a Lacustrine period, of which we are now witnessing the end. Unless the secular upheaval of northern Europe and Asia, which is going on now, is changed — from some cause not easy to foresee — into a submergence, desiccation and dryness in

Eurasia are what we have to face in the nearest geological future.

While the facts of the glacial and subsequent periods are thus perfectly well known, we continue to remain in the dark as to the causes which may have brought about such considerable changes in the climate of the earth. Not that there is any lack of theories, physical and astronomical, endeavoring to account for the change; but none of these theories can yet be considered as quite satisfactory. The astronomical theory, advocated by Croll, has certainly met with a good deal of favor, especially in this country, and it has among its supporters James Geikie, who is one of the best authorities on the glacial period.¹ According to this theory, the slow changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, which are known to exist, coupled with certain changes in the direction and force of the oceanic currents, might produce an alternation of glacial periods in both hemispheres. Sir Robert Ball has, as is known, further improved upon this theory. He has shown that the amount of heat received by each hemisphere during the summer half of the year stands always in the proportion of sixty-three to thirty-seven (whatever the eccentricity may be) to the amount of heat which the same hemisphere receives during its winter half of the year. When these two different amounts of heat are distributed — as the case stands now — over a winter and a summer which only differ by seven days in their respective lengths, we have a considerable difference between the temperatures of the summer and that of the winter. But when — the eccentricity of the orbit being at its highest — the length of the winter half of the year in the northern hemisphere is one hundred and ninety-nine days, and that of the summer half is only one hundred and sixty-six days, the conditions being the reverse in the southern hemisphere, then both winter and summer must have extreme temperatures, and these extremes may result in a glacia-

¹ James Croll's "Climate and Time;" Sir Robert Ball, "The Cause of an Ice Age." London, 1891.

tion of the northern half of the globe, while the other half may enjoy an exceptionally mild climate. The hypothesis, as seen, is thus not purely astronomical. It may, perhaps, explain the prevalence of a warm climate in the now Arctic regions during the Miocene period; but glaciation requires, not an extreme climate such as we have now in Siberia, but rather a cold and wet climate with cold summers and considerable snowfalls; so that in order to explain the glaciation of each hemisphere we are bound to make several admissions relative to the distribution of heat over the globe, which — Woyekof has shown it in his criticism of Croll's theory — throw us into the domain of quite problematic speculations. Moreover, under Croll's and Sir Robert Ball's hypothesis, one hemisphere only can be glaciated at a time; when the northern hemisphere is buried in ice, the other enjoys of its mildest climate, and *vice versa*. In reality, however, we have not the slightest reason, either geological or meteorological, for maintaining that such was the case, and many reasons make us believe that it was not. The traces of old glaciers in the southern hemisphere are exactly as fresh as they are in Europe, and the post-glacial deposits of Patagonia bear the same characters as those of Europe. The alternate glaciation of the two hemispheres has thus entirely to be proved, and, so far as I know, no geologist has ever attempted to prove it. On the contrary, all we know, up to this time, is rather pointing in the direction of a simultaneous glaciation of both hemispheres — though not necessarily to the same extent — and to a simultaneous development of glaciers in the mountain regions of the equatorial regions.

How great must have been the change of climate which is required to produce these effects? This is the question which the Austrian geographer Penck and Professor Ed. Brückner¹ have endeavored to answer. The

height at which the line of perpetual snow lies in various parts of Europe and America is known; and we also know very approximately the height it attained in the same regions during the period of greatest glaciation. Roughly speaking, it stood at that time from three thousand to four thousand feet lower than it stands now. So that, if the climate was not dryer than it is now, and if the yearly amount of precipitation was neither greater nor smaller than it is at the present time, a general lowering of temperature by from eight to ten degrees Fahrenheit would have been sufficient to produce the glaciation of Europe and America to the extent to which it has really taken place.

Of course, such a change is not insignificant, as it might have brought the climate of Drontheim down to Vienna and Paris; but we must accustom ourselves to the idea that climate, like everything else on the earth, is a changeable element; and Brückner proves that this change is only three to four times greater than the changes already inscribed in our meteorological annals during the last two centuries. He proves, moreover, in his very elaborate work, that during the temporary changes of climate, which we know, severe and protracted winters always come hand in hand with an increase of snowfall and rain during the same years, as well as with an increase in the sizes of Alpine glaciers and a rise of the levels of such interior basins as, for instance, the Caspian Sea. Cold and moisture thus came together upon Europe, and — the distribution of the continents and oceanic currents remaining as it is now — a simple lowering of the average yearly temperature by eight or ten degrees, lasting for centuries, would send us straight back into the Ice Age.

Many causes might account for such a change. Even now climate has its periodical variations. It has its eleven years' period, which corresponds to the

¹ "Klima-Schwankungen seit 1700, nebst Bemerkungen über die Klima-Schwankungen der

Diluvialzeit," in Penck's *Geographische Abhandlungen*, iv. 2. Wien, 1890.

amount of black spots appearing on the sun, which amount, according to a recent hypothesis, may depend upon the amount of cosmic matter attracted by the great luminary. There seems to be, besides, another thirty-five years' period, which sometimes increases the effects of the former; and we may be perfectly sure that there are other periods as well in the amount of heat received by the earth from the sun. The sun's radiation (we know it from Lord Kelvin and Helmholtz) is a variable quantity.

Brückner's work, of which I have given only a very faint idea, thus gives us a new ground for the hypotheses relative to the causes of the Ice Age, and it certainly will mark a new departure in glacial research. It puts the whole question upon a surer foundation than it stood previously, and shows that meteorology can better enlighten us about the climate of the glacial period than astronomy. It also shows that, before troubling the astronomer with his questions, the geologist must first explore the earth and put his problem in its proper shape. He must tell his astronomer friend what he wants to be explained: a relatively slight but general cooling of the globe—as we suppose the case has been in reality—or an alternate cooling of the two hemispheres, with frequently and rapidly intervening periods of warm climate. It is thus towards the southern hemisphere and the equatorial regions that the glacialist has now to direct his steps; there only can he shape his problem into its definite form so as to put an exact question before the astronomer.

P. KROPOTKIN.

From *The Spectator*.
THE WINTER SHORE.

IN the winter storms like that which raged on the London Thames on Wednesday last, the seawowl ascend the rivers inland, and the land-birds seek the coast. In this, each kind acts according to knowledge; the seawowl, because they are truly birds of the sea,

seeking their home on the deep and their living on the great waters, which are then too troubled and tempestuous to yield either food or shelter; and the land-birds because they know that along the tide-way the salt water kills the frost. Twice daily the mellow tide advances to undo the work of the encroaching frost, which has followed the ebb over shingle, sand, and rocks. Rivers are not the sole avenues by which the sweet waters reach the sea. Thousands of little land-springs, invisible in the summer droughts, trickle from the cliffs, oozing and dripping on to the fringe of boulders and large shingle which lies furthest from the sea, and meander down in channels cut between the sands till lost in the pools left by the ebb. Icicles soon form on the bents and brambles which overhang the channels where the rills leave the base of the cliff, and a film of white and rotten ice covers the sweet waters hour by hour as they trickle through the drying sand. In all other respects the shore remains unchanged, except for the greater symmetry and order worked by winter storms. The waves are the rakes and sieves and rollers which the sea sets to work to arrange the gravel-walks and borders of the great public garden which surrounds the island. They work, as Frank Buckland showed, on a uniform plan, and the storm, far from leaving confusion and disorder on the fringe of ocean, is merely an effort of nature to work "overtime" and get things straight in a hurry. Doubtless many of the more fragile ornaments are broken in the process; but the order of the strand is never so perfect as when seen in the bright, calm weather which follows a December gale. The onward rush of the breakers carries the shingle with it in what would seem the reverse of the natural process. The largest and heaviest boulders, and the light and floating seaweed are carried furthest to the very base of the cliff, and are there sorted and piled, the boulders below, and the seaweed above them in large, level banks which steam and swelter in the winter sun. Next to this, in long,

escalloped bays, lies the pebble-bank. This, again, is lined by the shingle-layers, which are fringed in turn by the finest *débris* of the storm, the siftings and dust of the sea-wash, a yard of which will give delight for hours to the eye, and days of discovery with the microscope. Beyond this lies the finest layer of all — the irreducible and innumerable sands. The sea-siftings are the strangest medley in little of the components of the ocean fringe. In them are scraps and fronds of seaweed and oarweed, some ground to powder like coffee, others minute but undefaced fragments of the plant; with these, pounded morsels of what once were planks of ships, green scales from copper sheathing, tiny beds of broken glass, dust of quartz and cornelian, globules of chalk and coal-dust, green threads of sea-grass and fibres of matting, myriads of tiny and most exquisite shells no larger than a pin's head, fragments of naere from the larger shells, and white, bruised limbs and skeletons of infant crabs done to death in the surge. The destruction of life among these small crustacea must be enormous. Yet few land-birds come to feed upon their bodies, except the carrion-crows and the rock-pipits, which are almost as native to the shore as the sandpipers and dunlins themselves. Beyond the sea-line, winter makes no disturbance in vegetable or animal life. The long sea-grass floats as green and luxuriant as ever in the shallow pools inside the rock-ledges, and the only sign that winter reigns is the flock of brent-geese, which are pulling the grass and rolling it into neat packets before swallowing it on the edge furthest from the shore. This grass seems to be the sole winter food of the brent, as it was of the swans at Abbotsbury, until, in 1881, the lifting of the ice in which it was embedded in the fresh water of the "Fleet" carried the whole crop out to sea, and left the birds either to die of starvation or to take unwillingly to a new diet of grain. The geese and wild-ducks from the north crowd the estuaries and harbors during the winter months, but the

cliffs are silent and deserted, except by the cormorants and roosting sea-gulls. The puffins, the most numerous and amusing of the cliff tribes, have flown away to the Mediterranean, and the dizzy ledges of the cliffs on which the "sea-parrots" screamed and jostled and brought up their families during the spring are silent and deserted. On the last day but one of the old year there was not a sea-bird on the line of chalk precipices which runs out from Freshwater Gate to Sun Corner, near the Needles. The gulls were all away at the sprat and herring fishery, and the guillemots and razor-bills were out at sea, and would not return before night. Yet the day was one to tempt the fowl to leave the water and bask on the warm face of these southern cliffs. The summit of the down rose six hundred feet above the water, clear of all clouds and frost-fog, into the light of the winter sun, which was shining in a broad lane of silver across the grey sea, and covered the face of the long line of bastions of chalk with a steamy haze. Flocks of starlings were feeding on the fine turf which clothes the down, and a brace of partridges rose from the verge of the cliff beyond the beacon. A pair of ravens were the only tenants of the awful precipice, which falls sheer down to the sea at this point. They soared level with the summit, one bird just above the other, in flight so evenly matched and uniform, that their movements seemed guided by a single will. Sometimes the bird above would even touch its mate, and the pair fell toppling down a hundred feet croaking loudly. After playing and soaring for half an hour, they flew out over Alum Bay and round by the Needles, perhaps to seek a site for the nest, which the ravens are said always to choose on New Year's day. Beyond the Beacon lies the still more awful precipice of Sun Corner. The cliff there is not perpendicular, but overhanging, and the voice of the gently heaving sea climbs so slowly to the summit, that it seems as if the sound of the breaker that the eye can see would be wholly lost on its way to reach the

ear. On the highest point is an upright pinnacle of chalk, connected with the main line of the cliff by a narrow ridge, on which a man might sit astride. On the summit of the pinnacle, a peregrine falcon was quietly basking, looking inland, with its back to the sea and the sun. The bird was so tame, that it was possible to approach it and notice the color of its plumage with the aid of the glasses. It was a young bird; and it may be hoped that for once the nest has escaped the hands of the cliff-climbers, who rob it annually. Ten years ago, according to the last record of a visit to these cliffs which the writer possesses, a peregrine was sitting on the same pinnacle as that which was occupied by the bird when seen at the close of 1893. Further to the east, where the coast is lower, and long stretches of sand and rocks are exposed at low water, the shore was covered with birds, each kind strictly limiting its feeding-ground to a particular belt of shore. Nearest the cliffs was a bank of seaweed, covered by a flock of chattering, foraging starlings. Next this a strip of dry sand, cut by black and malodorous streams which oozed from the decaying seaweed bed. On this a flock of crows and rooks were busily digging for food. Beyond lay a zone of wet sand, on which a flock of small, black-headed gulls were daintily tripping up and down on the margin where the ripples rolled slowly in. Lastly, in a shallow lagoon, a few big herring-gulls were standing quietly up to their breasts in water, some even sleeping with their heads half-covered by their wing. An old fisherman was anxious to sell some lobsters which he had in a pot among the rocks, and we followed him across the slippery ledges to where the pot and the lobsters lay. The creatures — never described as “fish” in the Isle of Wight — were alive, and as smart as a Lancer, in full uniform of blue and gold. Their backs were deep blue-black, and their tails mottled with two brilliant shades of Prussian blue. Their smaller legs were mottled to match their tails, but the two big claws

were faced with brown and pink. The antennæ were pink also; but all the under parts of the body and tail were pearl-colored, and the joints of their armor-plates edged with golden fringe. How to carry live and irritable lobsters without a basket was a difficult problem, but the two corners of a pocket-handkerchief tied in slip-knots made a safe means of transport. The pot looked like a prawn-pot — which it was — and we inquired of the man whether he had any prawns. “Yes,” he said — “one — a beauty;” and taking off his cap he exhibited an enormous live prawn sitting inside! There is almost nothing which a sailor will not carry in his cap; pipes, tobacco, string, fishing-hooks, and bait, are all accommodated there, — perhaps because he rarely indulges in trouser-pockets. A man-of-war’s-man has no pockets at all, and disposes of what surplus property he cannot carry in his cap, inside the loose front of his sailor’s shirt, a habit which sticks to him after he leaves the service. “And do you ever put a lobster in your cap?” we inquired. “No, sir,” he replied; “if I haven’t anywhere’s else, I puts ’em in my buzzom.”

From Chambers' Journal.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

Few places in England can have sheltered such various types of population as Princetown, and none has been so much a home of necessity rather than of choice. The hillsides all around are studded with prehistoric remains — circles and avenues, beehive huts, cyclopean bridges, *kistvaens* or rock basins, and only the extraordinary obscurity of the subject minimizes their interest in the eyes of the archæologist. In the popular mind every remain is connected with the Druids, and even their *tiddy* (potato) market is pointed out near Merivale Bridge, though it is more than doubtful whether Dartmoor was not a terra incognita to the priesthood. At any rate, it has, from the days of the Phœnicians, been an im-

portant centre of the mining industry ; and the ridges, especially to the south, are scored deep with "the scratchings of the old men of the moor." Within two miles of Princetown rises Crockern Tor, where the Stannary Courts used to meet to administer justice among the miners. The grey pile of granite must have witnessed many a scene of savage justice, for the penalty for debasing the tin was to pour molten metal down the offender's throat. With the decline of the mining industry in the seventeenth century, Princetown must have been given over to a few squatters or the Gubbings and their kin, whose misdeeds are recorded in "Westward Ho." However, in 1805 a commission visited it, which wrought another revolution in its history.

For some years a growing uneasiness was caused by the large number of the prisoners of war confined on board the hulks at Plymouth. Accounts have been left of what hells these ships became when in the evenings the prisoners were all shut up together below for the night. But to the government they presented a more pressing evil than mere sores of moral corruption. England feared invasion, or, at any rate, attack, and the presence of thousands of prisoners in the great naval arsenal of the west was a very real danger. At the best of times, numbers fell victims to the dirt and misery by which they were surrounded. Escapes were very numerous. Sometimes they would cut their way through the bulkheads and escape in shore-boats. At other times they would set fire to the ship, in the chance of escaping in the confusion ; so a scheme was formed of confining in some convenient place inland.

Princetown was suggested, and a commission was sent to examine the proposed site of the prison. Their report was favorable : "Water excellent and plentiful ; the soil gravel, peat for fuel abundant, with convenient access to the highroad, and an abundant supply of granite for building. The Prince of Wales would give as many acres as were required by the Board, so that

the possibility of a garden for vegetables is an additional consideration, which is likely to tend to the health and comfort of the prisoners." One hundred and thirty thousand pounds were expended on the original buildings, which were erected on the slope of North Hessary, fourteen hundred feet above sea-level in the highest village in England. In December, 1808, the buildings were reported finished. The prisons, seven in number, were enclosed at a distance of forty feet by a circular line of palisading, made of stout iron bars with sharp points. Two walls, fourteen feet high and twenty-two feet apart, with convenient towers for sentries, the whole enclosed by a military road, completed the defences.

The native must have gazed with great curiosity on the motley crowd, drawn from almost every quarter of the globe, who were driven up to inhabit the new buildings. Negroes captured on board American privateers, Eurasians, Malays, and Chinese from the ships of the Dutch East India Company, Danes, French, Dutch, and Americans—nearly ten thousand in all, guarded by a permanent force of five hundred infantry. So far as possible they were sorted according to their nationality, and the negroes in particular were allotted a special building, because of the peculiar aversion entertained for them by the other prisoners. Of all these, the Danes earned the best character for good conduct, although they felt somewhat aggrieved that they should only receive one shilling a day allowance, while the English prisoners in Denmark were granted twice as much. The Americans behaved with a disorder which culminated in the outbreak of April, 1815, when a dangerous mutiny was only quelled by a volley of musketry, which killed seven and wounded thirty-five.

One of the chief difficulties which the jailers had to encounter was the passion for gambling, which was intensified by the loss of so many ordinary interests of life. The prisoners gambled for their rations, and even for their clothes ; and it is recorded that

some died of starvation through having lost their allowance of beef, peas, and bread for days together; and many were reduced to a terribly emaciated condition. Yellow clothing was issued for those who were convicted of gaming for or selling their garments; but to prevent gambling altogether was impossible, when a wager could be decided by pulling straws from a mattress, by the number of turns the sentry made in a given time, or even of the curls in the doctor's wig. The French prisoners are credited with one peculiarly ingenious device. When the lights were extinguished, and the ship's lantern alone cast a dull glimmer through the room, the rats used to come out of their holes to pick up the crumbs under the hammocks. A peculiarly tempting morsel was put in an open space, and each man selected a champion, for all the rats were known by name. When they crowded into the open to share the spoil, a disinterested spectator would whistle, and the first rat to reach his hole was declared the winner. One peculiarly cunning old grey rat went by the name of *Père Ratapon*.

As may be supposed, these transactions led to many quarrels, and duels were of frequent occurrence. At first, as fencing was allowed, a foil was converted into a very passable small-sword by breaking off the button. But after a while the foils were forbidden, and the ingenuity of the prisoners was taxed to provide a suitable substitute. To an American privateersman and marine belongs the honor of the best invention. Two splinters of hard wood were obtained from the carpenter's shop, tipped with knife-blades, and furnished with tin guards. So effectual did the weapons prove, that the marine was mortally wounded.

That attempts were frequently made to effect an escape is proven by the ominous recurrence of the verdict "*Drowned*" in the prisoners' death-roll. The Dart or the Tavy presented no ineffectual barrier to those who were unacquainted with the force of a moor river when in flood, and the jagged

rocks with which their beds are studded. But many attempts were successful, and some were not without their romance. One man was engaged in executing repairs in the doctor's house, and succeeded in insinuating himself into the good graces of the maid-servant. With her help he secured the doctor's naval uniform, and was thus enabled to pass the guard on the high-road. He reached France in safety, and returned the snuff-box and silver-headed cane with many compliments. Another man secreted a soldier's cap and great-coat in a vegetable basket, and thus conveyed them into the prison. Just before lock-up, a fatigue party used to fetch spring-water from beyond the walls. Having put on the cap and coat, he took a pail and walked boldly out, as if he was on duty. Unfortunately, he thought to give a finishing touch to his *rôle* of careless ease by whistling. The Marseillaise was the only tune he could remember. "What do you call that?" growled the sentry as he passed the outer gate, being struck by the unfamiliar air. The Gaul understood no English, and fancied himself challenged. He flung himself on the astonished sentry, and tried to obtain possession of his musket. While they were struggling on the ground, they were discovered by some other soldiers. Another man had himself walled up by his chums in a house they were building, and at night-fall easily pushed down the new-built wall and effected his escape. The unsuccessful were immured in a sort of dungeon. One French boy left a pathetic copy of verses, of which the following is one verse:—

Oh set me free !
This dungeon deep
Is dark'ning round me.
I dare not sleep.
Unearthly forms in its gloom I see ;
They are mocking my sorrow ; oh set me free !

The employments of the prisoners were various. Princetown Church is one memorial of their industry. Besides this, they were adepts at making

work-baskets, door-mats, hand-screens, and various ornaments out of rubbish, which they used to sell to the country people. The only article they were forbidden to manufacture was straw hats, because of the bounty. That they found their trade not unprofitable, and their sojourn not invariably unpleasant, is proved by the fact that many sold their turn for exchange for trifling sums when embarkation was about to take place; and some returned home with as much as one hundred pounds savings. Among the most profitable trades were false coining and the forging of bank-notes, which were passed into circulation by the connivance of the soldiers.

The system of parole was largely adopted in the case of officers, and certain towns were appointed for their residence, as Tavistock, Ashburton, and Okehampton. Many also were hospitably entertained by the neighboring gentry.

Hopes were cherished of an invasion

of England, and were fed by the alarmist reports of the peasantry. Their fears gave rise to the saying, "To go to Paignton to meet the French." On one occasion two French generals living on parole in a cottage near Princetown appeared in full uniform under the impression that a landing had been effected, and that they might expect an early release. When at length peace was concluded, the prisoners could scarcely believe the welcome news, and went about asking, "Is it indeed true? Shall we see la belle France again?" Truly, to those accustomed to the fertile lands of Normandy, or the vineyards of Champagne, or the South, Dartmoor must have seemed like Siberia. "For seven months in the year it is a vraie Sibérie, covered with unmelting snow. When the snows go away, the mists appear. Imagine the tyranny of perfide Albion in sending human beings to such a place," wrote M. Catel in his account of the prison.

HOW PLASTER CASTS ARE MADE.—To obtain clean, sharp cast-work from gelatine moulds, oil the moulds every time before a fresh mixing of plaster is poured into them. The water with which the plaster is mixed must have alum in it. The use of alum is to prevent the plaster heating and dissolving the surface of the mould, which it would do without alum in the water, and spoil both mould and cast. There are two ways of using alum—one dry, the other in solution. Into a wooden or—better still—a leaden trough pour some boiling water. Put as much ground alum into it as the water will dissolve, leaving some undissolved at the bottom. A given quantity of water will only dissolve a certain quantity of alum, no matter how much more alum may be added; the water is then said to be *saturated*. When it is cold, having got the strongest solution possible, it is easy, with a little practice, to determine the right quantity to be added to a given quantity of clear water to suit the particular kind of plaster being used. Some samples of plaster get very hot when setting; these require

more alum solution than do plasters of a colder nature. One pailful of the saturated solution of alum to six of clear water has been found to answer well.

Work.

SWIMMING IN THE ROYAL NAVY.—As the outcome of the disaster to the ill-fated *Victoria*, when so many men perished, considerable attention is now being devoted to the swimming instruction of the newly entered second-class stokers, who are sent to Sheerness Royal Naval barracks for three months' training before being drafted to ships of war. Parties of men are despatched daily to the local swimming-bath for instruction, and the authorities have recommended the construction of a swimming-bath in the dockyard, near the barracks, if the land can be spared for the purpose. Failing that, it is suggested that the Admiralty should acquire the local swimming-bath solely for the instruction of seamen, stokers, and Royal Marines stationed at Sheerness.



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